Thomas Dobbin

THE

WORKS

Sam.l OF Maxwell

SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

ALL'S WELL, *that* ENDS WELL.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: *Or*, WHAT YOU WILL.

The COMEDY *of* ERRORS.

The WINTER-NIGHT'S TALE.

The LIFE *and* DEATH *of* KING JOHN.

DUBLIN:

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ALL's WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
Clown, }

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta, } *Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in* France; *and, partly in* Tuſcany.

ALL's

All's Well, that Ends Well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Rousillon's *House in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of* Rousillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in mourning.*

Count. [1] In dissevering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; [2] whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with

1 *In* DELIVERING *my son* from *me*——] To *deliver from*, in the sense of *giving up*, is not English. *Shakespear* wrote, in DISSEVERING *my son from me* —— The following words, too, —— *I bury a second husband* —— demand this reading. For to *dissever* implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the *burying a husband*; which, *delivering* does not.

2 *whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than* lack *it where there is such abundance.*] An Opposition of Terms is visibly designed in this sentence; tho' the Opposition is not so visible, as the Terms now stand. *Wanted* and *Abundance* are the opposites to one another; but how is *lack* a contrast to *stir up*? The addition of a single Letter gives it, and the very Sense requires it. Read *slack it.*

hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. [3] This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a preſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His ſole child. my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for [4] where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there, commendations

3 *This young gentlewoman* had *a father, (O, that* had! *how ſad a* PASSAGE *'tis]* *Lafeu* was ſpeaking of the King's deſperate Condition: which makes the Counteſs recal to mind the deceaſed *Gerard de Narbon.* who, ſhe thinks, could have cured him. But in uſing the word *bad*, which implied his death, ſhe ſtops in the middle of her ſentence, and makes a reflection upon it, which, according to the preſent reading, is unintelligible. We muſt therefore believe *Shakeſpear* wrote *(O, that* had! how ſad a PRESAGE 'tis) *i. e.* a *Preſage* that the King muſt now expect no cure, ſince ſo ſkilful a Perſon was himſelf forced to ſubmit to a malignant diſtemper.

4 *where an unclean mind carries* virtuous *qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for* THEIR *ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.]* This obſcure encomium is made ſtill more obſcure

mendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for her simpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. [5] If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

obſcure by a ſlight corruption of the text. Let us explain the paſſage as it lies. By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the ſame ſenſe that the *Italians* ſay, *qualità virtuoſa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, ſhe ſays, that, in an *ill mind*, theſe *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too: i. e.* the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedneſs than it could have done without them: But, ſays the Counteſs, *in her they are the better for* THEIR *ſimpleneſs*. But *ſimpleneſs* is the ſame with what is called *honeſty*, immediately after; which cannot be predicated of the qualities of education. We muſt certainly read

HER *ſimpleneſs*

And then the ſentence is properly concluded. The Counteſs had ſaid, that *virtuous qualities* are the worſe for an *unclean mind*, but concludes that *Helen's* are the *better for her ſimpleneſs*. i. e. her clean, pure mind. She then ſums up the character, ſhe had before given in detail, in theſe words, *ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs, i. e.* She derives her *honeſty*, her *ſimpleneſs*, her moral Character, from her Father and Anceſtors: But ſhe atchieves or wins her *goodneſs*, her *virtue*, or her qualities of good-breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour.

5 *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] This ſeems very obſcure; but the addition of a Negative perfectly diſpels all the miſt. *If the living be* not *enemy*, &c. exceſſive grief is an enemy to the living, ſays *Lafeu:* Yes, replies the Counteſs; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [i. e. ſtrive to conquer it,] the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him! Farewel, *Bertram*.
[*Exit Counteſs.*

Ber. [*To* Hel.] The beſt wiſhes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh, were that all! —— I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram*'s.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright partic'lar ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance [6] and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.

6 —— *and* collateral light.] *collateral* for *reflected*. i. e. in the radiance of his *reflected* light; not in his *ſphere*, or *direct* light. *Milton* uſes the word, in the ſame ſenſe, ſpeaking of the Son,
—— *Of high* collateral *Glory*. Book 10. v. 86.

Th'

Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here!

Enter Parolles.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
" And yet I know him a notorious liar;
" Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
" Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
" That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
" Look bleak in the cold wind;" full oft we see
7 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

SCENE III.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have some [8] stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, setting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—— Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

7 Cold *wisdom waiting on* superfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *superfluous* for over-cloath'd. This makes the propriety of the Antithesis.

8. Stain *of soldier.*] *stain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee.*

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. As 9 he, that hangs himſelf, ſo is a virgin: "virginity murthers itſelf, and ſhould be buried in "highways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate "offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, "much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very pa-"ring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, "virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, "which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the canon. Keep "it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; "within ten years it will make itſelf two, which is "a goodly increaſe, and the principal itſelf not much "the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while tis

9 *He that hangs himſelf, is a Virgin:*] But why is he that hangs himſelf a Virgin? Surely, not for the reaſon that follows, *Virginity murders itſelf.* For, though every Virgin be a Suicide, yet every Suicide is not a Virgin. A word or two are dropt, which introduced a compariſon in this place; and *Shakeſpear* wrote it thus,

As *he, that hangs himſelf,* ſo *is a Virgin.*

And then it follows naturally, *Virginity murders itſelf.* By this emendation, the *Oxford Editor* was enabled to alter the Text thus,

He that hangs himſelf is like a Virgin.

And this is his uſual way of becoming a Critick at a cheap expence.

vendible.

vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion: richly ſuted, but unſuitable; juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better: marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
[1] [A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he ——]
I know not, what he ſhall — God ſend him well! —
The court's a learning place — and he is one —

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well — 'tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,

1 *A Phœnix, Captain, &c.*] The eight following lines between the hooks, I am perſuaded is the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh conceited Player. What put it into his head, was *Helen*'s ſaying, as it ſhould be read for the future,

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves;
A Mother, *and a* Miſtreſs, *and a* Friend.
I know not, what he ſhall —— God ſend him well.

Where the fellow finding a *thouſand* loves ſpoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *Mother*'s, a *Miſtreſs*'s, and a *Friend*'s, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but theſe three ſpecies of love in Nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonſenſe: and, becauſe they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole ſuch finiſhed nonſenſe as is never heard out of *Bedlam*.

Might with effects of them follow our friends:
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I especially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, [2] is a virtue of a good ming, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, as I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewel.

[*Exit.*

2 *is a virtue of a good* WING, *and I like the* wear *well.*] The integrity of the metaphor directs us to *Shakespear*'s true reading; which, doubtless, was — a good MING, *i. e.* mixture, *composition*, a word common to *Shakespear* and the writers of this age; and taken from the texture of cloth. The *M* was turn'd the wrong way at the press, and from thence came the blunder.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Court of* France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria*;
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Laſeu, *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count *Rouſillon*, my good lord, Young *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face. Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts May'ſt thou inherit too. Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would, I had that corporal ſoundneſs now, As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: He did look far Into the ſervice of the time, and was Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long; But on us both did [3] haggiſh age ſteal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father; in his youth He had the wit, which I can well obſerve To day in our young lords; but they may jeſt, Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted, [4] Ere they can hide their levity in honour: [5] So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs, if there were, His equal had awak'd them; and his honour, Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time

3 —— *haggiſh* age *ſteal on,*] *age*, which debilitates; alluding to the ſuperſtitions of being hag-ridden in the Epialtis; which coming gradually on, it was ſaid, the witch *ſtole upon* them.

4 *Ere they can hide their levity in honour:*] *i. e.* ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and make it paſs for deſert. The *Oxford* Editor, not underſtanding this, alters the line to

Ere they can wye their levity with his honour.

5 *So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterneſs*
Were in his *Pride or Sharpneſs; if* they *were,*
His Equal had awak'd them. ——] This paſſage is ſo very incorrectly pointed, that the author's meaning is loſt. As the text and ſtops are reformed, theſe are moſt beautiful lines, and the ſenſe is this —— "He had no *Contempt* or *Bitterneſs*; if he had any thing "that looked like *Pride* or *Sharpneſs* (of which qualities Contempt "and Bitterneſs are the exceſſes,) his Equal had awak'd them, not "his Inferior; to whom he ſcorned to diſcover any thing that bore "the Shadow of Pride or Sharpneſs."

His

His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
6 He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
7 Making them proud; and his humility,
In their poor praise, he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonstrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof [8] lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech [say,

King. 'Would. I were with him; he would always
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear;) Let me not live,—
(Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: — this he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
(Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some 9 labourer room.

6 *He us'd as creatures of another place,*] *i. e.* he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The *Oxford* Editor, not understanding the sense, has altered *another place*, to a *brother-race*.

7 *Making them proud* OF *his Humility,*
In their poor praise, he humbled ——] But why were they proud of his humility? It should be read and pointed thus.
—— *Making them proud*; AND *his humility,*
In their poor praise, he humbled ——
i. e. by condescending to stoop to his Inferiors, he exalted them and made them *proud*; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor praise*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The sentiment is fine.

8 *lives not his* epitaph,] *epitaph* for character.

9 *labourers room.*] We should read *labourer*, i. e. an active successor.

2 *Lord*,

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm; — the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Counteſs's at* Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I Will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, Sirrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for, I know, [1] you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo.

1 *you lack not folly to* commit *them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries* YOURS.] Well, but if he had folly to *commit* them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing elſe, ſure, to *make* them *his own.* This nonſenſe ſhould be read, *To make ſuch knaveries* YARE; nimble, dextrous, *i. e.* Tho' you be fool enough to commit knaveries, yet you have quickneſs enough to commit them dextrouſly: for this obſervation was to let us into his character. But now, tho' this be ſet right, and, I dare ſay, in *Shakeſpear*'s own words, yet the former part of the ſentence will ſtill be inaccurate——*you lack not folly to commit* THEM. Them, what? the ſenſe requires *knaveries*, but the antecedent referr'd to, is *complaints.* But this was certainly a negligence of *Shakeſpear*'s, and therefore to be left as we find it. And the reader, who cannot ſee that this is an inaccuracy which the Author might well commit,

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow,

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not so well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s case, and mine own; service is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body; for they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the Flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y' are shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that

mit, and the other what he never could, has either read *Shakespear* very little, or greatly misspent his pains. The principal office of a critick is to distinguish between these two things. But 'tis that branch of criticism which no precepts can teach the writer to discharge, or the reader to judge of.

loves

loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poysam* the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. [2] A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way.

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true shall find;

" Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow sings by kind.

Count Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; *Helen* I mean.

Clo [3] " Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
" Why the *Grecians* sacked *Troy?* [*Singing.*
" Fond done, fond done; for *Paris*, he,
" Was this King *Priam*'s joy. " With

2 *A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way.*] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: Travellers tell us in what esteem the *Turks* now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in *France*, as appears from the old word *Benêt*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that *Pantagruel*, in *Rablais*, advised *Panurge* to go and consult the fool *Triboulet* as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical Stroke upon the privy council of *Francis* the First.——*Par l'avis, conseil*, prediction *des fols vos sçavez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez, &c.*—The phrase—*speak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the instruments or *canals* of others; such as inspired persons were supposed to be.

3 *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
Why the Grecians *sacked* Troy?
Fond done, fond done;
Was this King Priam's *joy.*] This is a Stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make

" With that she sighed as she stood,
" And gave this sentence then;
" [4] Among nine bad if one be good,
" There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' song: 'would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parson; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forsooth, the business is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantages, may

make the sense and the alternate rhime. For it was not *Helen*, who was King *Priam*'s joy, but *Paris*. The third line therefore should be read thus,

Fond done, fond done; FOR PARIS, HE,

[4] *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten.] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shews the song said, *Nine good in ten.*

If one be bad amongst nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten sons of *Priam*, who all behaved themselves well but *Paris*. For, tho' he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon*, *Antiphon*, *Deiphobus*, *Dius*, *Hector*, *Helenus*, *Hippothous*, *Pemmon*, *Paris*, and *Polites*.

lawfully

lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [5] *Diana*, no queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly, keep it to yourself; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt; pray you, leave me; stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n so it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
[6] Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.——

Hel.

5 *Diana* added by Mr. *Theobald.*

6 *Such were our faults,* OR *then we thought them none.*] We should read,

——*O! then we thought them none.*

A motive

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a Mother;
Why not a mother? when I said a mother,
Methought, you saw a serpent; what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
7 A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why,——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Rousillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.———
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam; 'would you were,
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother! 8—or were you both our mothers
(I can

A motive for pity and pardon; agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the speaker. This was sent to the *Oxford* Editor, and he altered *O!* to *tho'*.

7 *A native slip to us from foreign seeds.*] The integrity of the metaphor requires we should read STEADS, *i. e.* stocks, stools, (as they are called by the gardeners,) from whence young *slips* or suckers are propagated. And it is not unlikely that *Shakespear* might write it so.

8 ——*or were you both our mothers*

I CARE

(I can no more fear, than I do fear heav'n,)
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?——
Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse! what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness.——Now I see
9 The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head; now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so. For, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to th'other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forswear't; however, I charge thee,
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.
Count. Love you my son?

I CARE *no more* FOR, *than I do* FOR *heav'n,*
So I were not his sister:] The second line has not the least glimmering of sense. *Helen*, by the indulgence and invitation of her mistress, is encouraged to discover the hidden cause of her grief; which is the love of her mistress's son; and taking hold of her mistress's words, where she bids her call her *mother*, she unfolds the *mystery*: and, as she is discovering it, emboldens herself by this reflexion, in the line in question, as it ought to be read in a parenthesis,

(I CAN *no more* FEAR, *than I do* FEAR *heav'n,)*

i. e. I can no more fear to trust so indulgent a mistress with the secret than I can fear heav'n who has my vows for its happy issue. This break, in her discovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine. Here again the *Oxford Editor* does his part.

9 *The mystery of your* loveliness,] We should read *lonelinesſ*, or delight in solitude, as is the humour of lovers.

Hel.

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your son:
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;
Yet never know, how that desert shall be.
I know, I love in vain; strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still; thus *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, which search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly, where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to *Paris?*

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sov'reignty; and that he will'd me,

In

In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply been abſent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you ſhould tender your [1] ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? he and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when [2] the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. [3] There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill, (which was the great'ſt
Of his Profeſſion,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.

1 ——*ſuppoſed aid,*] *ſuppoſed* for propping, ſupporting.

2 ——— *the ſchools,*
Embowell'd *of their doctrine,*———] the expreſſion is beautifully ſatirical, and implies, that the theories of the ſchools are ſpun out of the bowels of the profeſſors, like the cobwebs of the ſpider.

3 *There's ſomething* IN'T
More than my father's ſkill———
——— that *his good receipt*, &c.] Here is an inference [*that*] without any thing preceding, to which it refers, which makes the ſentence vicious, and ſhews that we ſhould read,
There's ſomething HINTS
More than my father's ſkill,———
——— *that his good receipt*———
i. e. I have a ſecret premonition or preſage.

Count.

Count. Doſt thou believ't?
Hel. Ay, adam, knowingly.
Count. Why, *Helen*, thou ſhalt have my leave and love;
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begone, to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of FRANCE.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

King. FAREWEL, young Lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy *Frenchmen*; [1] let higher *Italy*
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, that you come,
Not

1 ——— *Let higher* Italy
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, &c.] This is obſcure. *Italy*, at the time of this ſcene, was under three different tenures. The emperor, as ſucceſſor of the *Roman* emperors, had one part; the

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt Queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel

2 Lord. Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*,——take heed of them;
They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants.*

[*Exit.*

1 Lord. Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n I'll ſteal away.

1 Lord. There's Honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 Lord. I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

the pope, by a pretended donation from *Conſtantine*, another; and the third was compoſed of free ſtates. Now by the *laſt monarchy*, is meant the *Roman*, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates: now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premiſed, let us now conſider ſenſe. The King ſays, *higher* Italy;——giving it the rank of preference to *France*; but he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except thoſe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates; for inſtance, *Florence* to whom theſe volunteers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free ſtates.

1 Lord.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!* ——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for [2] they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there, to muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought his pardon.
I would, you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

2 *they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there,* DO *muſter true gate,* &c.] The main obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from the miſtake of a ſingle letter. We ſhould read, inſtead of, *do muſter,* TO *muſter.*——*To wear themſelves in the cap of the time,* ſignifies to be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the galantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps.—— *there to muſter true gate,* ſignifies to aſſemble together in the high road of the faſhion. All the reſt is intelligible and eaſy.

King. I would, I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across:——but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a *medicine,*
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King *Pepin,* nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, [3] her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her Demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu,*
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him;

3——*her years, profession,*] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.

A traitor

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears; I'm *Cressid*'s uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair One, do's your business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praise toward him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have so;
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate: we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful,
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;

But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.
King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind Maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thy ſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
[4] Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;

[4] *Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim*;] *i. e.* pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.

What

What is infirm from your found parts fhall fly,
Health fhall live free, and ficknefs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ft thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ftrumpet's boldnefs, a divulged fhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwife, no worfe of worft extended;
With vileft torture let my life be ended.

King. [5] Methinks, in thee fome bleffed Spirit doth fpeak:
His power full founds within an organ weak;
And what impoffibility would flay
In common fenfe, fenfe faves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eftimate:
[6] Youth, beauty, wifdom, courage, virtue, all
That happinefs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muft intimate
Skill infinite, or monftrous defperate.
Sweet Practifer, thy phyfic I will try;
That minifters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I fpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deferv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promife me?

5 *Methinks, in thee fome bleffed fpirit doth fpeak*
His powerful found, *within an organ weak*;] *To fpeak a found* is a barbarifm: For *to fpeak*, fignifies to utter an *articulate* found, *i. e.* a voice. So *Shakefpear*, in *Love's Labour Loft*, fays, with propriety, *And when love* fpeaks *the* voice *of all the Gods*. To *fpeak* a *found* therefore is improper, though to *utter* a *found* is not; becaufe the word *utter* may be applied either to an articulate or inarticulate. Befides, the conftruction is vicious with the two ablatives, *in thee*, and, *within an organ weak*. The lines therefore fhould be thus read and pointed,

Methinks in thee fome bleffed fpirit doth fpeak:
His power full *founds within an organ* weak.

But the *Oxford* Editor would be only fo far beholden to this emendation, as to enable him to make fenfe of the lines another way, whatever become of the rules of criticifm or ingenuous dealing.

It powerful founds within an organ weak.

6 *Youth, beauty, wifdom, courage, all*] The verfe wants a foot. VIRTUE, by mifchance, has dropt out of the line.

King. [7] Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
[8] With any branch or impage of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt:
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, — but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to* Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my buſineſs is but to the court.

7 King. *Make thy demand.*
Hel. *But will you make it even?*
King. *Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of* help.] The King could have but a very ſlight hope of *help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore *Helen* might ſuſpect he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt part of the ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme, and there is no ſhadow of reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote,

Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven. Dr. *Thirlby.*

8 *With any* branch *or* IMAGE *of thy ſtate:*] *Shakeſpear* unqueſtionably wrote IMPAGE, grafting. IMPE, a graff, or ſlip, or ſucker: by which ſhe means one of the ſons of *France*. So *Caxton* calls our Prince *Arthur, that noble* IMPE *of fame.*

Count.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court; he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions.

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib*'s rush for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tuesday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle, neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier; ——— it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. 9 *O lord, Sir* —— there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

9 *O Lord, Sir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. *O lord, Sir* —— thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. *O lord, Sir* —— nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. *O lord, Sir* —— ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my ——O lord, Sir; I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. *O lord, Sir* — why there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir, to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Court of* France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. THEY ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an [1] unknown fear.

1 *unknown fear.*] *Unknown* for ſupernatural.

Par.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts —

[2] *Par.* So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows —

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, —

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, —

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an —

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death, —

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there —

Laf. [3] *A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.*

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect —

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the —

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

2 Par. *So I ſay, both of* Galen *and* Paracelſus.

Laf. *Of all the* learned *and* authentick *fellows.*] *Shakeſpear*, as I have often obſerved, never throws out his words at random. *Paracelſus*, though no better than an ignorant and knaviſh enthuſiaſt, was at this time in ſuch vogue, even amongſt the learned, that he had almoſt juſtled *Galen* and the ancients out of credit. On this account, *learned* is applied to *Galen*; and *authentick*, or faſhionable, to *Paracelſus. Sancy*, in his *Confeſſion Catholique*, p. 301. *Ed. Col.* 1720, is made to ſay, *Je trouve la Riviere premier Medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens-la. Il eſt bon* Galeniſte, *& tres bon* Paracelſiſte. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galen *eſt honorable, & non meſpriſable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les Empiriques. L'autre, pourveu que ce ſoit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelſe, *eſt* bonne à ſuivre pour la verité, pour la ſubtilité, pour l'eſpargne; en ſomme pour la Therapeutique.

3 *A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect*, &c.] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed.

Laf. In a moſt weak —

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; [4] which ſhould, indeed, give us * * * a farther uſe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: here comes the king.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.—

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

4 *which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made,* &c.] Between the words *us* and *a farther*, there ſeems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpoſe — *ſhould, indeed, give us* [notice, that there is of this] *a farther uſe to be made* ——— ſo that the paſſage ſhould be read with aſteriſks for the future.

King.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.
[*She addresses herself to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, restor'd
The King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid, —
Please it your Majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refus'd;
[5] Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
[6] And to impartial *Love*, that God most high,
Do my sighs stream: Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir; — all the rest are mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would send them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

5 *Let the white* DEATH *sit on thy cheek for ever.*] *Shakespear*, I think, wrote DEARTH; *i. e.* want of blood; or, more figuratively, barrenness, want of fruit or issue.

6 *And to* IMPERIAL Love,] The old editions read IMPARTIAL, which is right. Love, who has no regard to difference of condition, but yokes together high and low, which was her case.

Laf.

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: ſure, they are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

3 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

7 *Laf.* There's one grape yet,———

Par. I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.———

Laf. But if thou be'eſt not an aſs, I am a
Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guided power: this is the man. [*To* Bertram.

King. Why then; young *Bertram*, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!——Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.

7 *There's one grape yet,*——] I have here regulated the ſpeeches as they ought to be.

From

From lowest place (*a*) when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour; [8] good alone
Is good; and, with a name, vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. [9] She is good, wise, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than

8 ——————— *good alone*
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:] The text is here corrupted into nonsense. We should read
——————— *good alone*
Is good; and, with a name, vileness is so.
i. e. good is good, tho' there be no addition of title; and vileness is vileness, tho' there be. The *Oxford* Editor, understanding nothing of this, strikes out *vileness* and puts in its place, *in't self.*

9 ——— *She is* YOUNG, *wise, fair;*
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour;—] The objection was, that *Helen* had neither riches nor title: To this the King replies, she's *the immediate* heir of nature, from whom she inherits youth, wisdom, and beauty. The thought is fine. For by the *immediate* heir to nature, we must understand one who inherits wisdom and beauty in a supreme degree. From hence it appears that *young* is a faulty reading, for that does not, like wisdom and beauty, admit of different degrees of excellence; therefore she could not, with regard to *that*, be said to be the *immediate* heir of nature; for in *that* she was only joint-heir with all the rest of her species. Besides, tho' *wisdom* and *beauty* may *breed honour*, yet *youth* cannot be said to do so. On the contrary, it is *age* which has this advantage. It seems probable that some foolish player when he transcribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondring to find *youth* not reckoned amongst the good qualities of a woman when she was proposed to a lord, and not considering that it was comprised in the word *fair*, foisted in *young*, to the exclusion of a word much more to the purpose. For I make no question but *Shakespear* wrote,
——— *She is* GOOD, *wise, fair:*
For the greatest part of her encomium turned upon her virtue. To omit this therefore in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been against all the rules of good speaking. Nor let it be objected that this is requiring an exactness in our author which we should not expect.

[(*a*) ——— *when, Dr.* Thirlby —— vulg. *whence.*]

Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on ev'ry grave;
A lying trophy; [1] and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.———

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to (*a*) defend,
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doth in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,

expect. For he who could reaſon with the force our author doth here, (and we ought always to diſtinguiſh between *Shakeſpear* on his guard and in his rambles) and illuſtrate that reaſoning with ſuch beauty of thought and propriety of expreſſion, could never make uſe of a word which quite deſtroyed the exactneſs of his reaſoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expreſſion.

1 Commas and points here ſet exactly right by Mr. *Theobald.*

(*a*) —— *defend*, *Mr.* Theobald —— vulg. *defeat.*]

What

What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
[2] The prised of the King; who, so enobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not in thy estate,
A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir?

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?——my Lord? my Master?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rousillon?*

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's master is of another stile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfie you, you are too old——

2 *The* PRAISED *of the King*;] We should read PRISED, *i. e.* valued, held in estimation, and answers to *most base* in the preceding line.

Laf.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which if,—— Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: [3] for doing, I am paſt; * * * as

3 *For doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] Here is a line loſt after *paſt*; ſo that it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a break with aſteriſks. The very words of the loſt line it is impoſſible to retrieve; but the ſenſe is obvious enough. *For*

as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. [4] Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord!——well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of——I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are

For doing I am past; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have still enough to shew the world I can do myself right, *as I will by thee, in what motion* [or in the best manner] *age will give me leave.*

[4] *Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me*;] This the Poet makes *Parolles* speak alone; and this is nature. A coward would try to hide his poltroonry even from himself.——An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession.

not

not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then.——Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn Priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is. I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms.
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery steed: to other regions
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me:
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King hath done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heav'n, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would, she did, as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue [5] speaks out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

[5] SHAKES *out his master's undoing:*] We should read SPEAKS *out.* This is to prepare us for *Parolles*'s disgrace.

Par.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.[6]

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Parolles.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, Sirrah. [*To* Clown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

6 *And pleaſure drown the brim.*] Metaphor taken from an over-flowing cup. It is one of the boldeſt and nobleſt expreſſions in all *Shakeſpear.*

Laf.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to night, when I should take possession of the bride———and ere I do begin——

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner: but one that lyes three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten——God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deserved to run into my Lord's displeasure.

Laf. 7 You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my Lord.

7 *You have made shift to run into't,* boots *and* spurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* custard.] It was a foolery practis'd at city-entertainments, whilst the *Jester* or *Zany* was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose. Mr. *Theobald.*

Laf.

Laf. And shall do so ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his cloaths. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear. ——

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

SCENE XI.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, *Helen*, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse, than ask, why I intreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointment, have in them a need
Greater than shews it self at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let That go:
My haste is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much——nothing, indeed—— [yes;——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord—'faith,
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not: but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord.
[*Exit* Helena.
Ber. Where are my other men, Monsieur?—farewel.
Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Court in FLORENCE.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

Duke. SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and [1] an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
[2] By self-unable notion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nation,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to* Rousillon, *in* France.

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend his ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel*, since I was at court. Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th'country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th'court: the brain

1 —— *an outward man,*] *i. e.* one not in the secret of affairs.
2 *By self-unable* MOTION;] We should read NOTION.

of

of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en That you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *reads a letter.*

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the miſprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena, *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone. —

2 *Gent.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen, I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,

That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of *Florence.*

We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Th ther we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my passport.

3 *When thou can'st get the ring, upon my finger, which never shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a* Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand happ'ly, which his heart was not consenting to.

3 *When thou can'st get the ring, upon my finger,*] *i. e.* When thou can'st get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. The *Oxford* Editor, who took it the other way, to signify, when thou can'st get it on upon my finger, very sagaciously alters it to, *When thou can'st get the ring* from *my finger.*

Count.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has [4] a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you see my son, to tell him, that his sword can never win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

1 *Gent.* We serve you, Madam, in that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near. [*Exeunt Countess and Gent.*

SCENE. IV.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, *Rousillon*, none in *France*;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

4 *a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.*] That is, his vices stand him in stead. *Helen* had before deliver'd this thought in all the beauty of expression.

——— *I know him a notorious lyar;*
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, while virtue's fleely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind ———

But the *Oxford* Editor reads, *Which 'bowes him not much to have.*

Of smoaky musquets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; 5 pierce the still-moving air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it:
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rousillon*;
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE General of our Horse thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet

5 ——— move *the* still-piercing *air*,
That sings with piercing ——] The words are here odly shuffled into nonsense. We should read,
—— pierce *the* still-moving air,
That sings with piercing, ——
i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no injury by piercing.

We'll

We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to* Rouſſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. ALAS! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno, *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Steew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night

She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger;
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction; provide this messenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a publick Place in Florence.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the *French* Count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſollicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*! a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, [6] are the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were [7] no further danger found, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *diſguis'd like a pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo —— Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, ſhe will lye at my houſe; thither they ſend

6 *are* not *the things they go under*;] Mr. *Theobald* explains theſe words by, *They are not really ſo true and ſincere as in appearance they ſeem to be.* He found ſomething like this ſenſe would fit the paſſage, but whether the words would fit the ſenſe he ſeems not to have conſidered. The truth is, the negative particle ſhould be ſtruck out, and the words read thus, *are the things they go under*; *i. e.* they make uſe of oaths, promiſes, *&c.* to facilitate their deſign upon us. The alluſion is to the military uſe of cover'd-ways, to facilitate an approach or attack; and the ſcene, which is a beſieged city, and the perſons ſpoken of, who are ſoldiers, make the phraſe very proper and natural. The *Oxford* Editor has adopted this correction, tho' in his uſual way, with a *but*; and reads, *are but the things they go under.*

7 *no further* KNOWN, *but the modeſty which is ſo* loſt.] *Mariana* adviſes *Diana* not to believe young ſoldiers' oaths and promiſes; ſhews her the miſchiefs attendant on the loſs of honour; and concludes, that ſhe ought to be careful to preſerve *that*, tho' ſhe were ſure ſhe would feel no other ill conſequence than only the loſs of her modeſty. From hence it appears we ſhould read, *no further danger* FOUND, *but the modeſty which is ſo* loſt. Not only on account of the antitheſis reſtored by the word *found*, which refers to *loſt*, a thing which in *Shakeſpear*'s writing is not to be overlooked, but principally becauſe the queſtion here is not concerning the bare knowledge of the conſequences of a woman's loſing her honour, but concerning *Diana*'s experience of this matter in her own caſe; with which the reading here propoſed can only agree.

one another; I'll question her: God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. *Jaques le grand.* Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure?

Wid. You came, I think, from *France*.

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rousillon:* know you such a one?

Hel But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you, it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, [8] meerlye truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and That

8 —— MEER THE *truth*] We should read, MEERLYE *truth*, i.e. *certainly*. So Sir *Thomas Moore*,

——*that we may* merelye *meet in heaven*.

I have

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.

Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſollicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid elſe!

Wid. So now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, *Eſcalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*

Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt; yond's that ſame knave,
That leads him to theſe places; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i'th' battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.———

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *&c.*

Mar. And your courteſie, for a ring-carrier!——

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize

surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't; when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of [9] Oar will be melted, if you give him not [1] *John Drum*'s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X. *Enter* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox't on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar*

9 *Oar* spelt right by Mr. *Theobald.*

1 John Drum's *entertainment,*] *Holinshed,* in his description of *Ireland,* speaking of *Patrick Scarsefield,* (mayor of *Dublin* in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family; so that *his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man, that resorted to his house,* Tom Drum's entertainment, *which is,* to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders. Mr. *Theobald*

himself

himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*——

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and [2] I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant; and to the [3] possibility of soldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.——Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently

2 *I will presently pen down my* Dilemmas,] By this word *Parolles* is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain, of recovering this Drum. For a *Dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways.

3 *possibility of* thy *soldiership,*] dele *thy*: the sense requires it.

seems

seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu*; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 *Lord.* I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The lass I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wond'rous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'th' wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature, Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Changes to the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

Hel. IF you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not, how I shall assure you further;

4 But

4 But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count woes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastly absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

4 *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon*] *i. e.* By discovering herself to the count.

Wid.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
5 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a wicked act;
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it —— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French Camp *in* Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

Lord. HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th'interpreter.

5 *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed*;
And lawful meaning in a LAWFUL *act*;] To make this gingling riddle compleat in all its parts, we ſhould read the ſecond line thus,
And lawful meaning in a WICKED *act*;
The ſenſe of the two lines is this. It is a *wicked meaning* becauſe the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, becauſe the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* becauſe done by her to gain her huſband's eſtranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* becauſe he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, *Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact. i. e.* Where neither of them ſin, and yet it is a ſinful fact on both ſides; which concluſion, we ſee, requires the emendation here made.

Lord.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsie-woolsie hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i'th' adversaries' entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done? it must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoak me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue, is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, [1] and buy

1 *and buy myself another of* Bajazet's MULE.] We should read, *Bajazet's* MUTE, *i. e.* a *Turkish* mute. So in *Henry* V.

Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak *freely of our acts; or else our grave,*
Like Turkish mute, *shall have a tongueless mouth.*

myself

myſelf another of *Bajazet*'s mute, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is ? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay, I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel ———

Lord. How deep ? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies ; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies ! [*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Throco movoufus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh ! Ranſom, ranſom : —— do not hide mine eyes. [*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

Par. I know, you are the *Muſkos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover That which ſhall undoe the *Florentine*.

Inter. *Boſkos vauvado* ; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue ; *Kerelybonto*, — Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh !

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. *Oſcorbidi dulchos volivorco.*

Int. The general is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on

To

To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.
Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: Nay, I'll ſpeak That
Which you will wonder at.
Int. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.
Sol. Captain, I will.
Lord. He will betray us all unto ourſelves.
Inform 'em That.
Sol. So I will, Sir.
Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Widow's Houſe.*

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

Ber. THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*
Dia. No, my good lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument;
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No.
My Mother did but duty; ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
Ber No more o'that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:

I was

I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
[2] What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'bides, —
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then, pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,

2 *What is not holy, that we ſwear not* BY,] Yes, nothing is more common than ſuch kind of oaths. But *Diana* is not here accuſing *Bertram* for ſwearing by a Being not holy, but for ſwearing to an unholy purpoſe; as is evident from the preceding lines,

'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſimple vow, that is vow'd true.

The line in queſtion, therefore, is evidently corrupt, and ſhould be read thus,

What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'BIDES,

i. e. if we ſwear to an unholy purpoſe, the oath abides not, but is diſſolved in the making. This is an anſwer to the purpoſe. She ſubjoins the reaſon two or three lines after,

——— ——— *this* has no holding,
To ſwear by him, whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. ———

i. e. That oath can never hold, whoſe ſubject is to offend and diſpleaſe that Being, whom I profeſs, in the act of ſwearing by him, to love and reverence. — What may have miſled the editors into the common reading, was, perhaps, miſtaking *Bertram*'s words above, *By love's own ſweet conſtraint*,—to be an oath; whereas it only ſignifies, *being conſtrained by love.*

But

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th'world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine Honour's such a ring;
My chastity's the jewel of our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th'world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My House, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may so in the end. ———
My Mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,

When

When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him,
When I am buried. Since [3] *Frenchmen* are so braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is something in't, that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal

3 ——— *Since* Frenchmen *are so braid,*
Marry that will, I'll live and die a Maid;]
What! because *Frenchmen* were false, she, that was an *Italian*, would marry nobody. The text is corrupted; and we should read,
——— *Since* Frenchmen *are so braid,*
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid.
i. e. since *Frenchmen* prove so crooked and perverse in their manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a maid, than venture upon them. This she says with a view to *Helen*, who appeared so fond of her husband, and went thro' so many difficulties to obtain him.

themselves,

themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own Nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own Judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France?*

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife ſome two months ſince fled from his Houſe, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le Grand*; which holy Undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her Death it ſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but That Ihave not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, [4] bring forth this

4 *Bring forth this counterfeit* MODULE;] This epithet is improper to a *module*, which profeſſes to be the counterfeit of another thing.

this counterfeit Medal; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſs'd himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your Lordſhip be in't, as, I believe, you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Boſko Chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

thing. We ſhould read MEDAL. And this the *Oxford* Editor follows.

Par.

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parolles*, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said (I will say true) or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand Poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weigh-

ing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him; he was a butcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him *nay*.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rouſillon*, a fooliſh idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before.
And ſay, a ſoldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs.
For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armi-potent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Int. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain:* you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus.* He profeſſes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules.* He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty, he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing,

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat ſtill.

Int. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu*, he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain?*

2 *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horſe, Count *Rouſſillon.*

Int. I'll whiſper with the General, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Int:

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſillon?* if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a Plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft,
As Captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Widow's House, at Florence.

Enter Helena, *Widow and* Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greatest in the christian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whose Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life; which, gratitude
Through flinty *Tartar*'s bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you must know,
I am supposed dead; the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be [5] my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
[6] When Fancy, trusting of the couzen'd thoughts,
Defiles

5 *my* motive] *motive* for assistant.

6 *When* SAUCY *trusting of the couzen'd thoughts*
Defiles the pitchy night.;] *i. e.* makes the person guilty of intentional adultery. But trusting a mistake cannot make any one guilty. We should read, and point, the lines thus,
When FANCY, *trusting of the couzen'd thoughts,*
Defiles the pitchy night.
i. e. the *fancy*, or imagination, that he lay with his mistress, tho' it was, indeed, his Wife, made him incur the guilt of adultery. *Night*, by the ancients, was reckoned odious, obscene, and abominable.

Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
(Under my poor inſtructions) yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.
Diana. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.
Hel. Yet I pray you:
7 But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
8 Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revyes us;
All's well, that ends well; ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was miſ-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there, 9 whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth

nable. The Poet, alluding to this, ſays, with great beauty, *Defiles the pitchy night, i. e.* makes the night, more than ordinary, abominable.

7 *But* with the word, *the time will bring on ſummer,*] *With the word, i. e.* in an inſtant of time. The *Oxford* Editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) *Bear with the word.*

8 *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time* revives *us*;] The word *Revyves* conveys ſo little ſenſe, that it ſeems very liable to ſuſpicion.

————*and time* revyes *us*;

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haſten.

9 *Whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour*] *Parolles* is repreſented as an affected follower of the faſhion, and an encourager of his maſter to run into all the follies of it; where he ſays, *Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords——they wear themſelves in the cap of time——and tho' the Devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed.* Here ſome particularities of faſhionable dreſs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous ſaffron* is more obſcure. This alludes to a phantaſtic faſhion, then much followed, of uſing *yellow ſtarch* for their bands and ruffs. So *Fletcher*, in his *Queen of* Corinth,

youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, [1] more advantaged by the King, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a knave or a fool?

———*Has he familiarly*
Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch; *or ſaid your doublet*
Was not exactly frenchified———

And *Johnſon*'s *Devil*'s *an Aſs.*

Carmen and chimney-ſweepers are got into the yellow ſtarch.

This was invented by one *Turner*, a 'tire woman, a court-bawd; and, in all reſpects, of ſo infamous a character, that her invention deſerved the name of *villainous ſaffron.* This woman was, afterwards, amongſt the miſcreants concerned in the murder of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, for which ſhe was hanged at *Tyburn*, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow ſtarch ſo odious, that it immediately went out of faſhion. 'Tis this, then, to which *Shakeſpear* alludes: but uſing the word *ſaffron* for *yellow*, a new idea preſented itſelf, and he purſues his thought under a quite different alluſion——*Whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and dowy youths of a nation in his colour, i. e.* of his temper and diſpoſition. Here the general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So in the *Winter's Tale:*

I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden pyes.

1 *more* ADVANCED *by the King,*] A notable obſervation this; that the young Lord had been higher *advanced* by the King had he ſtaid at court, than he was by his beggarly follower *Parolles.* We ſhould read, *more* ADVANTAGED, *i. e.* the King would have been a better tutor to the raw young man than *Parolles*, whoſe profeſſion it was.

Clo.

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my folly, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Englisb* name; but his [2] phisnomy is more honour'd in *France* than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkness, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy Master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Clo. [3] I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Master I speak of ever keeps a good fire; but, sure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the House with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and ten-

2 *his phisnomy is more* HOTTER *in* France *than there.*] This is intolerable nonsense. The stupid Editors, because the Devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but *hotter*. We should read——*more* HONOUR'D. A joke upon the *French* people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the *English* do, who are generally white and fair.

3 *I'm a woodland fellow, Sir,* &c.] *Shakespear* is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine-gentleman*.

der, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sawciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King, my Master, to speak in the behalf of my Daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. [4] It rejoices me, that hope, that I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

4 *It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die.*] It is not *hope* that rejoices any one; but, that that hope is well grounded. We should read, therefore, *It rejoices me, that hope, that I shall see him ere I die.*

Count.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord, your son, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. [5] But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France, *at* Marseilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. BUT this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.
But since you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

[5] *But it is your carbonado'd face.*] Mr. *Pope* reads it *carbinado'd*, which is right. The joke, such as it is, consists in the allusion to a wound made with a carabine; arms, which *Henry* IV. had made famous, by bringing into use amongst his horse.

Hel.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of *France*.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well, that ends well yet,
Tho' time seem so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Roussillon*,
Whither I'm going.
Hel. I beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to* Roussillon.

Enter Clown, *and* Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher

freſher cloaths; [1] but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpeak but by a metaphor.

Clo. [2] Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

1 *but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's* Mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.*] I believe the poet wrote, *in fortune's* moat; becauſe the Clown in the very next ſpeech replies, *I will henceforth eat no* fiſh *of fortune's butt'ring*; and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles's* petition to *Lafeu, that hath fall'n into the unclean* fiſh-pond *of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is* muddied *withal.* And again, *Pray you, Sir, uſe the* carp *as you may*, &c. In all which places, 'tis obvious a moat or pond is the alluſion. Beſides, *Parolles* ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image; for as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſhed with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourouſly ſays, when *Parolles* is preſſing him to deliver his letter to Lord *Lafeu, Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's* cloſe-ſtool, *to give to a nobleman!*

2 *Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor.*] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour, or juſtneſs of ſatire, than this ſpeech. The uſe of the *ſtinking metaphors* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to ſee moral declaimers againſt vice, deſcribe her as *Heſiod* did the Fury *Triſtitia*:

Τῆς ἓκ ῥίνων μύξαι ῥέον.

Upon which *Longinus* juſtly obſerves, that inſtead of giving a *terrible* image, he has given a very naſty one. *Cicero* cautions well againſt it, in his book *de Orat. Quoniam hæc*, ſays he, *vel ſumma laus eſt in verbis transferendis ut ſenſum feriat id, quod tranſlatum ſit, fugienda eſt omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet ſimilitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani* caſtratam *eſſe rempublicam. Nolo* ſtercus *curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himſelf is extremely delicate in this reſpect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a paſſage in *Hamlet*, has ſcarce a metaphor that can offend the moſt ſqueamiſh reader.

Clo.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a nobleman! look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. [3] I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimilies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pair her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, infooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his

3 *I do pity his diſtreſs in my* SMILES *of comfort,*] We ſhould read, SIMILIES *of comfort*, ſuch as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp*, &c.

trumpets.

trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Flouriſh. *Enter* King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two French Lords, with Attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, [4] our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
[5] Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well —— call him hither;

4 —— *our* eſteem] *Eſteem* is here uſed for *eſtimation*, in the ſenſe of *worth*, *eſtate*.

5 *Natural rebellion, done i'th'* BLADE *of youth,*] The whole figure here employ'd ſhews we ſhould read,

—— *i'th'* BLAZE *of youth*,

i. e. in fervour, flame. So in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

For Hector, *in his* blaze *of wrath, ſubſcribes*
To tender objects ——

We're

We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not aſk our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him in high fame.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time;
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
6 Scorch'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;
Extended

6 SCORCH'D *a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n*;] *Firſt*, it is to be obſerved, that this young man's caſe was not indifference to the ſex

Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou do'ſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
7 Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt:

ſex in general, but a very ſtrong attachment to one; therefore he could not *ſcorn* a fair colour, for it was that which had captivated him. But he might very naturally be ſaid to do what men, ſtrongly attached to one, commonly do, not allow beauty in any face but his miſtreſs's. And that this was the thought here, is evident,

1. From the latter part of the verſe,
——— *or expreſs'd it ſtol'n*;
2. From the preceding verſe,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
3. From the following verſes,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: ———

Secondly, It is to be obſerved, that he deſcribes his indifference for others in highly figurative expreſſions. Contempt is brought in lending him her perſpective-glaſs, which does its office properly by *warping* the lines of other faces; by *extending* or *contracting* into a *hideous object*; or by *expreſſing* or ſhewing native red and white as paint. But with what propriety of ſpeech can this glaſs be ſaid to *ſcorn*, which is an affection of the mind? Here then the metaphor becomes miſerably mangled; but the foregoing obſervation will lead us to the genuine reading, which is,

Scorch'd *a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n*;

i.e. this glaſs repreſented the owner as brown or tanned: or, if not ſo, cauſed the native colour to appear artificial. Thus he ſpeaks in character, and conſiſtently with the reſt of his ſpeech. The emendation reſtores integrity to the figure, and, by a beautiful thought, makes the *ſcornful perſpective of contempt* do the office of a *burning-glaſs*.

7 *Make trivial price of* ſerious *things*——] *Serious* for valuable. In this ſenſe a certain prebendary of *Weſtminſter* underſtood the word, when he uſed to tell his friends, *A ſhilling was a ſerious thing.*

Our

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet *Helen*'s knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day:
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heav'n, bless,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Her's it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessited to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life,
I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm sure, I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it;
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceast
In heavy satisfaction, and would never

Receive

Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*'s,
Whoever gave it you: [8] then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.
King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman—'twill not prove ſo——
And yet I know not—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.
Ber. If you ſhall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Prove that I huſbanded her in bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded*.

SCENE V.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious Sovereign,

8 ——*then if you know,*
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,] *i. e.* then if you be wiſe. A ſtrange way of expreſſing ſo trivial a thought!

Whether

Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
9 Who hath some four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

9 *Who hath* FOR *four or five removes come short.*] We should read, *Who hath some four or five removes come short.* So in King *Lear*,

For that I am SOME *twelve or fourteen moonshines*
Lag of a brother.———

Enter

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,

Whoſe

Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gemm
Conferr'd by Teſtament to th' ſequent Iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought, you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in Court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's *Parolles.*

Laf. I ſaw the man to day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'th' world tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, ſhe has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her inſult coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had That, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I muſt be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly [1] diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

1 — *diet me.*——] *i. e.* uſe me harſhly. A phraſe taken from the ſevere methods taken in curing the venereal diſorder.

Ber.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you!——

Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir; and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's Command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par.

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou can'ſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great

Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.
King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir.
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Bertram.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.
Enter Helena, *and* Widow.
King. Is there no Exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the* Counteſs.
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief.
[*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, *Servant to* Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. " IF muſick be the food of love, play on;
" Give me exceſs of it; [1] that, ſurfeiting
" The appetite, Love may ſicken, and ſo die.
" [2] That ſtrain again; it had a dying fall:
" O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
" That

1 ——*that, ſurfeiting*
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.] There is an impropriety of expreſſion in the preſent reading of this fine paſſage. We do not ſay, *that the appetite ſickens and dies thro' a ſurfeit*; but the ſubject of that appetite. I am perſuaded, a word is accidentally dropt; and that we ſhould read, and point, the paſſage thus,
——*that, ſurfeiting*
The app'tite, LOVE *may ſicken, and ſo die.*

2 *That ſtrain again;—— it had a dying fall:*
O! it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour——] Amongſt the beauties of this charming ſimilitude, its exact propriety is not the leaſt. For, as a ſouth wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the ſame time, communicates its own ſweetneſs to it; ſo the ſoft affecting muſick, here deſcribed, tho' it takes away the natural, ſweet, tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the ſame time, it communicates a new pleaſure to it. Or, it may

" That breathes upon a bank of violets,
" Stealing, and giving odour. Enough!— no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; [3] so full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is hight fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio?*

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my Eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

allude to another property of musick, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is, in which it finds the hearer. Hence *Milton* makes the self-same strains of *Orpheus* proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such musick,

That Orpheus' *self may heave his head*
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heapt Elysian *flowers, and hear*
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, *to have quite set free*
His half-regain'd Eurydice. L'allegro.

If to melancholy——

Or bid the soul of Orpheus *sing*
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's *cheek,*
And made Hell grant what love did seek. Il penseroso.

3 *So full of shapes* IS *fancy,*
That it alone is HIGH *fantastical.*] This complicated nonsense should be rectified thus,

So full of shapes IN *fancy,*
That it alone is HIGHT *fantastical,*

i. e. love is so full of shapes in *fancy*, that the *name* of *fantastical* is peculiarly given to it alone.

But, for the old nonsense, the *Oxford* Editor gives us his new.

——*So full of shapes is fancy,*
And thou all o'er art high phantastical, Says the Critic.

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloyſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
[4] Three ſov'reign thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd,
([5] O ſweet perfection!) with one ſelf-ſame King!
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. WHAT country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, Lady.

Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria?*
My brother he is in *Elyſium.*——
Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, ſailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! ſo, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,

4 THESE *ſov'reign thrones*—] We ſhould read THREE *ſov'reign thrones.* This is exactly in the manner of *Shakeſpear.* So, afterwards, in this play, *Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit, do give thee* fivefold *blazon.*

5 HER *ſweet perfections!*] We ſhould read, and point it thus, *(O ſweet perfection!)*

Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,
What Great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia.*

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,

I will

I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHAT a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am; theſe cloaths are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' purpoſe?

Sir. To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-degambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? [6] *Castiliano Volto*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*.

SCENE IV. *Enter Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.———

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistress *Mary Accost*,———

6 Castiliano *vulgo*;] We should read *volto*. In *English*, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. The *Oxford* Editor has taken my emendation: But, by *Castilian countenance*, he supposes is meant most civil and courtly looks. It is plain, he understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtliness.

Sir

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost?*

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think, you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir. And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight.

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would, I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for [7] thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſe-wife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to morrow, Sir *Toby*; your niece will not be ſeen, or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt mind i'th' world: I delight in maſks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; [8] and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs *Mall*'s picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig! I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace: what doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

7 *thou ſeeſt, it will not* COOL MY *nature.*] We ſhould read, *it will not* CURL BY *nature.* The joke is evident.

8 *and yet I will not compare with an old man.*] This is intended as a ſatire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the paſt generation, to the preſent.

Sir

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus?*

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!———excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. IF the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof. — *Cesario*,
Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;

It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a Nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy Constellation is right apt
For this affair: some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your Lady; yet, a barrful strife!
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse; my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make That good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress *Mary?*

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo.

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Olivia, *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, Better be a witty fool, than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows, take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the Lady had take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree.—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear

wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechiſe you for it, *Madona*; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know, his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh, and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' *Zanies*.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo.

Clo. 9 Now *Mercury* indue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: What you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a most weak *Pia mater!* —

SCENE VIII.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

Sir To. 1 'Tis a Gentleman-heir, ——— A plague o' these pickle herring! how now, sot?

Clo.

9 *Now* Mercury *indue thee with* LEASING, *for thou speak'st well of fools!*] This is a stupid blunder. We should read, *with* PLEASING, *i. e.* with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful speaker, for *Mercury* was the God of orators as well as cheats. But the first Editors, who did not understand the phrase, *indue thee with pleasing*, made this foolish correction; more excusable, however, than the last Editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so in his *Oxford* edition, reads, *with* LEARNING; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editors should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as *learning*, though they well might in the word *pleasing*, as it is used in this place.

1 *'Tis a gentleman,* HERE, —] He had before said it was a gentleman,

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*, ——

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defy letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him sit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll [2]stand

tleman. He was asked what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and should be read thus,

'*Tis a Gentleman*-HEIR,

i. e. some lady's eldest son just come out of the nursery; for this was the appearance *Viola* made in men's clothes. See the character *Malvolio* draws of him presently after.

2 *stand at your door like a Sheriff's post.*] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the King's proclamations, and other publick acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So *Johnson's Every Man out of his humour*,

—— —— —— *put off*
To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the Shrives posts.

So again in the old play called *Lingua*,

Knows he how to become a scarlet gown, hath he a pair of fresh posts *at his door?*

at

at your door like a Sheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty —— I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; [3] I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that Queſtion's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

3 *I am very comptible,*] *Comptible* for ready to call to account.

Oli.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my Commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady.

4 *Oli.* Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

4 Vio.—*tell me your mind, I am a messenger.*] These words must be divided between the two speakers thus.

Oli. *Tell me your mind.*

Vio. *I am a messenger.*

Viola growing troublesome, *Olivia* would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, *Tell me your mind.* The other taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which signifies either *business* or *inclinations*, replies as if she had used it in the latter sense, *I am a messenger.*

Oli.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. [5] Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt She alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

5 *Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I* was *this preſent: is't not well done?*] This is nonſenſe; we ſhould read, *I wear:* The correction, I think, clears all up, and gives the expreſſion an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* preſſes to ſee *Olivia*'s face; the other at length pulls off her veil, and ſays, *we will draw the curtain and ſhew you the* picture. I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that ſhe *painted*. The other, vext at the jeſt, ſays, *Excellently* done, *if God* did *all*. Perhaps it may be true what you ſay in jeſt, otherwiſe 'tis an excellent face. *'Tis in grain*, &c. replies *Olivia*.

Oli.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give you diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: ——
I am a gentleman——I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon——not too fast——soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—— How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be——
What ho, *Malvolio*,——

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man; he left his ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Ant. WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*; which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not [1] [with such estimable wonder] over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

1 [*with such estimable wonder*] An interpolation of the players. *Ant.*

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino*'s court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orsino*'s court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
The danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio, *at several doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia?*

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate Assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought [2] her eyes had croft her tongue;
For

2 ——*Her eyes had* LOST *her tongue*;] This is nonsense: we should read,

——*her*

For she did speak in starts distractedly:
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my Lord's ring; why, he sent her none.
I am the man——If it be so, (as, 'tis;)
Poor Lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made, if such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? as I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, (now, alas the day!)
What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. APproach, Sir *Andrew:* not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it, as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, [3] I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir

——*her eyes had* CROST *her tongue*;

Alluding to the notion of the fascination of the eyes; the effects of which were called *crossing*.

3 *I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.*] A ridicule on the

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I ſay!—a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctial of *Queubus:* 'twas very good, i'faith: I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy Lemon, had'ſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s noſe is no whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song.———

Sir. To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-ſong, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-ſong, a Love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown *ſings.*

O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir. And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter:

the medical theory of that time, which ſuppoſed health to conſiſt in the juſt temperament and balance of theſe elements in the human frame.

What's to come, is ſtill unſure;
4 *In decay there lies no plenty:*
Then come kiſs me, ſweet, and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A melliſluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will 5 draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir. And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

4 *In* delay *there lies no plenty:*] This is a proverbial ſaying corrupted; and ſhould be read thus,

In DECAY *there lies no plenty.*

A reproof of avarice, which ſtores up periſhable fruits till they *decay.* To theſe fruits the Poet humorouſly, compares youth or virginity; which, he ſays, is a *ſtuff will not endure.*

5 *draw three ſouls out of one weaver?*] Our Author repreſents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have ſhewn the cauſe of it elſewhere. This expreſſion of the power of muſick, is familiar with our Author. *Much ado about nothing. Now is his ſoul raviſhed. Is it not ſtrange that Sheep's guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?*—Why, he ſays, *three ſouls,* is, becauſe he is ſpeaking of a catch in *three parts.* And the peripatetic philoſophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three ſouls. The *vegetative* or *plaſtic,* the *animal,* and the *rational.* To this, too, *Johnſon* alludes, in his *Poetaſter*; *What, will I turn ſharke upon my friends? or my friends friends? I ſcorn it with* my three ſouls. By the mention of theſe *three,* therefore, we may ſuppoſe it was *Shakeſpear*'s purpoſe, to hint to us thoſe ſurpriſing effects of muſick, which the antients ſpeak of, when they tell us of *Amphion,* who moved *ſtones* and *trees*; *Orpheus* and *Arion,* who tamed *ſavage beaſts,* and *Timotheus,* who governed, as he pleaſed, the *paſſions of his human auditors.* So noble an obſervation has our Author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

Clo.

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They ſing a catch.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her ſteward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I conſanguinious? am I not of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-houſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your [6] cottiers catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up!—— [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' ſhe harbours you as her Uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the Houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

6 coziers *catches*] *Cottiers.* Ruſtick, clowniſh.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.
Clo. His eyes do ſhew, his days are almoſt done.
Mal. Is't even ſo?
Sir To. But I will never die.
Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.
Mal. This is much credit to you.
Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*
Clo. What, an if you do?
Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?
Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.
Sir To. Out o'time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?
Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and ginger ſhall be hot i'th' mouth too.
Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, *Maria*.——
Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*
Mar. Go ſhake your ears.
Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.
Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to night; ſince the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed: I know, I can do it.
Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.
Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.
Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; [7] an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself: so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthisilea.*

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

7 *an* affection'd *ass*] *Affectioned*, for full of affectation.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th'end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. GIVE me ſome muſick; now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good *Ceſario*, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong, we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and [8] recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out and play the tune the while. [*Ex.* Curio. [*Muſick.*
Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh [9] in all notions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

8 recollected *terms*] *Recollected*, for ſtudied.
9 *in all* notions *elſe*,] The Folio reads *nations*, which is right.

Vio.

Vio. " [1] It gives a very echo from the seat
" Where love is thron'd.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?
Vio. About your years, my Lord.
Duke. " Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman take
" An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
" So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my Lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the song we had last night,—
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
" The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
" And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
" Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
" [2] And tallies with the innocence of love,
" Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, Sir?
Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Musick.*

1 *It gives a very echo* TO *the seat*
Where love is thron'd.] We should read, FROM *the seat: i. e.* it reaches the throne of love, and reverberates thence.

2 *And* dallies *with the innocence of love,*] *Dallies* has no sense. We should read, TALLIES, *i. e.* agrees with; is of a piece with.

SONG.

" *Come away, come away death,*
" *And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;*
" *Fly away, fly away, breath,*
" *I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.*
" *My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,*
" *O, prepare it.*
" *My part of death no one ſo true*
" *Did ſhare it.*
" *Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,*
" *On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:*
" *Not a friend, not a friend greet*
" *My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.*
" *A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,*
" *Lay me, O! where*
" *True lover never find my grave,*
" *To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very [3] opal! I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, [4] that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent no where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

3 *a very* opal!] A precious ſtone of almoſt all colours. Mr. *Pope.*

4 *that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent* EVERY *where*;] Both the preſervation of the antitheſis, and the recovery of the ſenſe, require we ſhould read,——*and their intent* NO *where:* Becauſe a man who ſuffers himſelf to run with every wind, and ſo makes his buſineſs every where, cannot be ſaid to have any *intent*; for that word ſignifies a determination of the mind to ſomething. Beſides, the concluſion of *making a good voyage* out of nothing, directs to this emendation.

SCENE

SCENE. VI.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, *Ce-*
ſario,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts, that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
5 But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks, her Mind, attracts my ſoul.
Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir——
Duke. 6 I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.
Vio. Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia:* you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*
Vio Ay, but I know——
Duke. What doſt thou know?

5 *But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,*
That nature pranks her IN,——] What is *that miracle, and Queen of Gems?* we are not told in this reading. Beſides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle?*—We ſhould read,
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks, HER MIND,———
i. e. what *attracts my ſoul,* is not her *Fortune,* but *her Mind, that miracle, and Queen of Gems, that nature pranks, i. e.* ſets out, and adorns.

6 IT *cannot be ſo anſwer'd.*] We ſhould read *I*; the reply ſhews it.

Vio.

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. 'A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,
'But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
'Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
'And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
'7She sat like Patience on a monument,
'Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,

7 *She sat like patience on a monument,*
Smiling at grief.] Mr. *Theobald* supposes this might possibly be borrowed from *Chaucer*.

And her besidis wonder discretlie,
Dame Pacience *ysittinge there. I fonde*
With face pale, upon an hill of sonde.

And adds, *If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture! How much does the* green *and* yellow melancholy *transcend the old bard's* pale face, *the* monument *his* hill of sand. —— I hope this Critick does not imagine *Shakespear* meant to give us a picture of the *face* of *Patience*, by his *green and yellow melancholy*; because, he says, it transcends the *pale face* of *Patience* given us by *Chaucer*. To throw *Patience* into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green and yellow* then belonged not to *Patience*, but to *her* who *sat* like *Patience*. To give *Patience* a *pale face*, was proper: and had *Shakespear* described *her*, he had done it as *Chaucer* did. But *Shakespear* is speaking of a marble statue of *Patience: Chaucer*, of *Patience* herself. And the two representations of her are in quite different views. Our poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to *Patience* exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of *Patience on a monument*. The old Bard speaking of *Patience* herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the *losses of shipwreck*. And now we see why she is represented as *sitting on an hill of sand*, to design the scene to be the sea-shore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable Poet. But the Critick thought, in good earnest, that *Chaucer*'s invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his Goddess, but left her, like a stroller, sunning herself upon a heap of sand.

Our

Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. [8] I'm all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too — and yet I know not —
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to* Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India?*

8 *I'm all the daughters of my father's houſe,*
And all the brothers too —] This was the moſt artful anſwer that could be given. The queſtion was of ſuch a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct anſwer, muſt have raiſed ſuſpicion. This has the appearance of a direct anſwer; *that the ſiſter died of her love*; ſhe (who paſſed for a man) ſaying, ſhe was all the daughters of her father's houſe. But the *Oxford* Editor, a great enemy, as ſhould ſeem, to all equivocation, obliges her to anſwer thus,

She's all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And I am all the ſons ——

But if it ſhould be aſked now, how the Duke came to take this for an anſwer to his queſtion, to be ſure the Editor can tell us.

Mar.

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this Letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue. ———

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*, ———

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mar. There is example for't: 9 the Lady of the *Trachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel!*

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state —

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! —

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd

9 *the Lady of the* Strachy] We should read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for so the old *English* writers called it. *Mandeville* says, *As* Trachye *and* Macedoigne *of the which* Alisandre *was Kyng*. It was common to use the article *the* before names of places: And this was no improper instance, where the scene was in *Illyria*.

velvet

velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs — to ask for my uncle *Toby* ———

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. [1] Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your Niece, give me this prerogative of speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish Knight ———

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*, ———

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

1 *Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares,*] *i. e.* Though it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. Yet the *Oxford* Editor has altered it to,

Tho' our silence be drawn from us by th' ears.

There is some conceit, I suppose, in this, as in many other of his alterations, yet it oft lies so deep that the reader has reason to wish he could have explained his own meaning.

Mal.

Mal. [2] What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes; her very phraſes: by your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man muſt know.* No man muſt know — what follows? the number's alter'd — no man muſt know — if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore, but ſilence, like a Lucrece *knife,*

With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A Fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life — nay, but firſt, let me ſee —— let me ſee ———

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtanyel checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any [3] formal capacity. There is no

2 *What employment have we here?*] A phraſe of that time, equivalent to our common ſpeech of — *What's to* do *here.* The *Oxford* Editor, not attending to this, alters it to

What implement *have we here?*

By which happy emendation, he makes *Malvolio* to be in the plot againſt himſelf; or how could he know that this letter was an *implement* made uſe of to catch him?

3 formal *capacity.*] *Formal,* for common

obſtruction.

obſtruction in this — and the end — what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? If I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly — *M. O. A. I.* —

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M. — *Malvolio* — *M.* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; That ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. — [4] this ſimulation is not as the former —— and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe —— *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great. ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands. let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate: put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus advifes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She,*

4 *this* ſimulation] *Simulation*, for reſemblance.

that

that would alter services [5] *with thee, the fortunate and happy*, Day light and champian discover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross garter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. *Jove*, and my stars be praised! —Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry'thee.* — *Jove*, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

[5] *with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champian discover no more:*] Wrong pointed: We should read,—— *with thee, the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champian discover no more*: *i. e.* Broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

Sir And.

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou moſt excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too.

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and Clown.*

Viola. SAVE thee, friend, and thy muſick: doſt thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my Houſe, and my Houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age! —A ſentence is but a [1] chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

1 *a chev'ril* glove] A glove made of a kid's ſkin, from *Chevereul*, French. *Chiaverello*, Ital. *Caprillus*, Lat. Mr. *Pope.*

Clo.

Clo. I would therefore, my Sister had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Sister wanton; but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me. I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but

but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir, I will conſter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's folly-fall'n, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

[2] *Sir And.* Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the Houſe? my Niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Niece, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you?

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

[2] Here the ſpeeches rectified by Mr. *Theobald*,

Vio.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own [3] moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;——
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſollicit That,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear Lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
[4]After the laſt enchantment you did here,
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,

3 *moſt* pregnant *and vouchſafed ear.*] *Pregnant*, for ready.

4 *After the laſt enchantment, you did* hear,] Nonſenſe. Read and point it thus,

After the laſt enchantment you did here,

i. e. after the enchantment, your preſence worked in my affections.

And baited it with all th'unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? 5 to one of your receiving
Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe: ———
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right, I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

5 *to one of your* receiving] *i. e.* to one of your *ready apprehension*. She considers him as an arch page.

But

But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but giv'n, unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew *and* Fabian.

Sir And. NO, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint; you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at

at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, " and you are " now fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; " where you will hang like an isicle on a *Dutchman*'s " beard," unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it, and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver

as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. [6] Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe doe, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
(More ſharp than filed ſteel,) did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (tho' ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealouſy what might befal your travel,

[6] *Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.*] The womens parts were then acted by boys, ſometimes ſo low in ſtature, that there was occaſion to obviate the impropriety by ſuch kind of oblique apologies.

Being

Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other anſwer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and *(a)* ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go 7 ſee the relicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once, in a ſea-fight, 'gainſt the Duke his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. Th'offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did. Only myſelf ſtood out;
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

7 — *ſee the* relicks *of this town?*] *Relicks*, for curioſities.

[*(a)* — *ever thanks*, Mr. *Theobald*. — Vulg. *ever oft.*]

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.——

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Oli. I Have ſent after him; [8] he ſays he'll come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.——
Where is *Malvolio?* he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

Mar. He's coming, Madam; but in very ſtrange manner.
He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come; for, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering;

8 *he ſays he'll come*;] *i. e.* I ſuppoſe now, or admit now, he ſays he'll come; which Mr. *Theobald*, not underſtanding, alters unneceſſarily to, *ſay he will come*; in which the *Oxford* Editor has followed him.

but

but what of it? if it pleaſe the eye of One, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know that ſweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?

Yes, nightingales anſwer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatneſs;—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born Great———

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatneſs———

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them.—

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings.———

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd———

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo.—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is a very midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby?* let ſome of my

people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she;—be opposite with a kinsman,—surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;—and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it it *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possest him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio?*

lio? how is't with you? what! man, defie the devil; conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La, you! if you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.—— Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!——

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?.

Mal. Sir?——

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang yourſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things; I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device. man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad;

we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but see, but see.

SCENE X.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, *and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me———

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll giv't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find, that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE XI.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well. A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interpreter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless

unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him; therefore on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: *Fabian* can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere

ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't; —This shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds That now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Anthonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe.
[*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino*.

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir.
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my Having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themſelves! ——

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit* Anthonio *with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask *Fabian.*

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—— [*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Sebastian *and* Clown.

Clown. WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!—he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. [1] I pry'thee, foolish *Greek*, depart from me; there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand; these wise men, that give fools money, [2] get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

1 *I pr'ythee, foolish* Greek,] *Greek*, was as much as to say Bawd or Pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called *Corinth*, and the frequenters of it *Corinthians*, which words occur frequently in *Shakespear*, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry* IVth. See the reason in a note on the former of those plays: Yet the *Oxford* Editor alters it to *Geck*.

2 *get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.*] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *Monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The Grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence.

Enter

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there; are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding* Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well fleshed: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

SCENE II.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*:———
Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks

3 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream.
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilſt. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would, I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent; but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, 4 as to ſay, a graceful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; "for as the old hermit "of *Prague*, that never ſaw pen and ink, 5 very wit- "tily

3 *This ruffian hath* botch'd up——] *i. e.* ſwelled and inflamed. A botch being a ſwelling or abſceſs.

4 *as to ſay, a* CAREFUL *man and a great ſcholar.*] This refers to what went before, *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent*; it is plain then *that Shakeſpear* wrote, *as to ſay, a* GRACEFUL *man, i. e.* comely. To this the *Oxford* Editor ſays, *recte.*

5 *very wittily ſaid——that that is, is:*] This is a very humourous banter of the rules eſtabliſhed in the ſchools, that all reaſonings

" tily said to a niece of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, " is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for " what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[Malvolio *within*.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesie: say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest; I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

sonings are *ex præcognitis & præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, *whatsoever is, is*; *and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind.

Clo.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas!* ———

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas!*

Clo. [6]Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit with* Maria.

SCENE IV.

Clo. Hey, Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my Lady does.* [Singing.

Mal. Fool, ———

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool, ———

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;

Clo. She loves another ——— who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio?*

6 *Nay, I am for all waters.*] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief.

Mal.

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns reſtore: endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas*, ——

Marry, amen. —— I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper, and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: It ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice,
Your need to ſuſtain:

Who

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil: [*wrath,*
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to another Apartment in Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. THIS is the air, that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*;
Yet there he was, and there [7] I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service; —
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed [8] all instance, all discourse;
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I'm mad;
Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia *and* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;

7 —— *I found this* credit.] *Credit*, for account, information. The *Oxford* Editor roundly alters it to *current*; as he does almost every word that *Shakespear* uses in an anomalous signification.

8 —— *all* instance, *all* discourse;] *Instance*, for *sense*; *discourse*, for reason.

That

That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Clown, *and* Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: [1] ſo that, concluſion

1 *ſo that concluſions to be* as kiſſes, —] Though it might be unreaſonable to call our poet's fools and knaves every where to account; yet,

cluſion to be aſked, is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir, but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

SCENE II.

Enter Anthonio, *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd

yet, if we did, for the generality, we ſhould find them reſponſible. But what monſtrous abſurdity have we here? the *Clown* is affecting to argue ſeriouſly and in form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, concluſion to be aſked, is,

i. e. ſo that the concluſion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, *&c.* He had in the preceding words been inferring ſome *premiſes*, and now comes to the *concluſion* very *logically*; you grant me, ſays he, the premiſes, I now ask you to grant the concluſion.

As

As black as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war:
A hawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* *Orsino*, this is that *Anthonio*,
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Anthonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint;
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose myself (pure, for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance:
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To day, my Lord; and for three months before,
(No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III.

Enter Olivia, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the counteſs; now heav'n walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon—Take him aſide.——

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,——

Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario?* Good my lord—

Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as [2] flat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings has breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.

Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't,
[3] Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſie,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly;) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,

2 ——*as* FAT *and fulſome*] We ſhould read, *as* FLAT.

3 *Like to th'* Egyptian *thief*,—] This *Egyptian* thief was *Tyamis*. See *Heliodorus*'s *Æthiopics*. Mr. *Theobald*.

That screws me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*
Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*following.*
Oli. Where goes *Cæsario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord? *Cæsario,* husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Cæsario,* take thy fortunes up:
Be that, thou know'st, thou art, and then thou art
As great, as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested

Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthen'd by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt——

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb to: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one *Ceſario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Ceſario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear

more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby*, above an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim.* I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be dress together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt* Clo. To. *and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
[*All stand in amaze.*
You throw a strange regard on me, by which
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Anthonio, O my dear *Anthonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, *Anthonio!*

Ant. How have you made division of your self?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian?*

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb.

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of *Meſſaline*; *Sebaſtian* was my father;
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the tomb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, "Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola*."

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul;
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maid's weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* Olivia.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood:

If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To* Vio.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul;
As doth that orbed continent the fire,
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maid's garments: he upon ſome action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman! he's much diſtract.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown *with a letter, and* Fabian.

4 A moſt extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't to you to-day morning. But as a mad-man's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man——*By the Lord, Madam,*—— [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

4 *A moſt* extracting *frenzy*—] *i. e.* A frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object.

Oli.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame: think of me, as you pleaſe: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither. My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife;
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer. Your maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding;
(And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,)
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter, —— you are ſhe.

SCENE VII.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame; how now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt thou ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which [5] here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour
Which I have wondered at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf and Sir *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,

5 —— *here were* preſuppos'd] *Preſuppos'd*, for impoſed.

May

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one:—*by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*; but do you remember, Madam, —*why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.——*Cesario*, come;
(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown *sings.*

6 *When that I was a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

6 *When that I was, &c.*] This wretched stuff not *Shakespear's*, but the Players!

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done;
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

THE

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *two* Antipholis's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

THE

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

Ægeon. PROCEED, *Solinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and ourselves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverse towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracusan* born
Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:

His

His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose.
Unless a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say, in brief, the cause,
Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus.*

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:
Yet that the world may witness, that my end
[1] Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*; 'till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became

[1] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: But it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment here put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life (says he) which I am going to relate, the world may understand that my present death is according to the ordinary course of providence, [*wrought by nature*], and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*]

A joyful

A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, male-twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too ſoon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick inſtance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obſcured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come;)
And piteous 'plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,

The seas waxt calm; and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came — oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs ship was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreckt gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th'extremity of dire mishap;
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
(Which Princes, would they, may not disannul;)
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *and Train.*

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon, *and* Jailor.

SCENE II. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuse, *a* Merchant, *and* Dromio.

Mer. THEREFORE give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,

Dies

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west:
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go, bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host,
And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o' clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you 'till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit* Merchant.

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast:
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh, — six-pence, that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock;
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness;
And tell me, how thou hast disposs'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,

That

That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd;
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders;
But not a thouſand marks between you both.——
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks? what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the *Phœnix*;
She, that doth faſt, 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my money.
[2] They ſay, this town is full of couzenage;
[3] As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Drug working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Diſguiſed

2 *They ſay this town is full of couzenage*;] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφεσία ἀλεξιφάρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus *Meander* uſes it, and Ἐφέσια γράμματα, in the ſame ſenſe.

3 *As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye*;
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind*;
Soul-killing witches. that deform the body;] Thoſe who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs that the poet intended, the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a juſt characteriſtick of each of them. Thus by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand*: and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are inform'd, the miſchief they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: But then, by *dark-working* Sorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly, our

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis *of* Ephesus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adriana. NEITHER my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o' clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lasht with wo.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls:
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watry seas,

our author could not design this as their characteristick. We should read;

Drug-working *forcerers, that change the mind*;

And we know by the history of antient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications,

Indu'd

Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain.
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft.
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus,

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, did'ſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told me his mind upon mine ear. Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark-mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My mistress, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!
Luc. Quoth who?
E. Dro. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders:
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.
E. Dro Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do

Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.

Luc. Self harming jealouſie!—, fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſie!

[*Exeunt.*

I *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,*
Will loſe his beauty; YET *the gold bides ſtill,*
That others touch, AND *often touching will:*
WHERE *gold and no man, that hath a name,*
BY *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.*] In this miſerable condition is this paſſage given us. It ſhould be read thus,

I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.

The ſenſe is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; "however, often *touching*, will wear even gold; juſt ſo the greateſt "character, tho' as pure as gold itſelf, may, in time, be injured, "by the repeated attacks of falſhood and corruption."

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuse.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phœnix?* wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir, when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beats* Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest is earnest;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes,
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks;

Or I will [2] beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten.

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that.

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

2 —— *beat this* method ——] *Method*, for inſtruction.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given (*a*) them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, it would be a bald concluſion: but, ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

[*(a) men, Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. them.]

SCENE V.

Enter Adriana, *and* Luciana.

Adri. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt vow,
‘ That never words were muſick to thine ear,
‘ That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
‘ That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
‘ That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
‘ Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thy ſelf?
Thy ſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thy ſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſie may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin of my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt; and therefore, ſee thou do it.
[3] I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;

[3] *I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate* blot;
My blood is mingled with the CRIME *of luſt:*] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, ſhew that we ſhould read,
——*with the* GRIME *of luſt: i. e.* the *ſtain*, ſmut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over ſhoes in the* GRIME *of it.*

My-

My blood is mingled with the Grime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*.

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir, I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

S Dro. I never ſpoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, [4] you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
" Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine:
" Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
" Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
" If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
" Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs;

4 ——*you are from me* exempt.] *Exempt*, for eſtranged.

" Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
" Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion
Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theam;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: oh, spight of spights!
5 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. Thou hast thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

5 *We talk with goblins*, owls, *and elvish sprights*;] Here Mr. *Theobald* calls out *in the name of Nonsense*, the first time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *Owls could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He, therefore, alters *Owls* to *Oupbs*, *and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation.* But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the scretch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the *Italians* called Witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *Strega* from *Strix*, the *Scretch-owl*. This superstition they had derived from their *Pagan* ancestors, as appears from this passage of *Ovid*.

Sunt avidæ volucres; *non quæ Phineïa mensis*
Guttura fraudabant: sed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput: *stantes oculi*: *rostra apta rapinæ*:
Canities pennis, *unguibus hamus inest.*
Nocte volant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT *nutricis egentes*;
Et vitiant CUNIS *corpora rapta suis.*
Carpere dicuntur lactantia viscera rostris;
Et plenum poto sanguine *guttur habent.*
Est illis strigibus *nomen*: —— Lib. 6. Fest.

Luc.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. Ant. GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet;
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.
E Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear;
I ſhould kick, being kickt; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.
E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.
E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!
S. Dro. [*within*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, ideot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:

Doſt

Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for
ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter
ſtays in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he
catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the
door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell
me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not
din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not: come again,
when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from
the houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name
is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtol'n both mine office
and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or
thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within*] What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who
are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce*.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O lord, I muſt laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb*.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when, can
you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt
anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in,
I trow?

Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this *knave* would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, [1] we ſhall have part with neither.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

1 ——*we ſhall part with neither.*] Common ſenſe requires us to read, ——*we ſhall* HAVE *part with neither.*

E. Dro.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this;—your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;
And about evening come your ſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

[2] And, in despight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow,
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there. Good Sir, make haste:
Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The House of* Antipholis *of* Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuse.

Luc. AND may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, *Antipholis*,
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in [3] buildings, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair; become disloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;

[2] *And, in despight of* mirth,—] Mr. *Theobald* does not know what to make of this; and, therefore, has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the *Oxford* Editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me.

[3] ——*buildings*,——] Mr. *Theobald* has here removed a superfluous letter,

Bear

Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted:
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas, poor women! make us (*a*) but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, chear her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
S. Ant. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:)
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words' deceit;
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

[(*a*) ——*but*, *Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. *not*.]

And

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And [4] in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.

S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

S. Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luciana.

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelf.

4 ——*in that glorious* ſuppoſition——] *Suppoſition*, for the thing lain open.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man, and how beſides thyſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn 5 a *Lapland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir;——but (*a*) her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot than from

5 *a* Poland *winter:*] Folio reads a *Lapland* winter. Right.

[(*a*)——*her name and, Dr.* Thirlby——Vulg. *her name is*]

hip

hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war [6] against her heir.

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, saphires; declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who sent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. [7] To conclude, this drudge of the devil, this diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. [8] And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she

6 *against her heir.*———] *Hen.* IV. of *France.* At that time the League was in arms against him.

7 *To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me.*] A little lower, he calls her *witch.* A word is certainly dropt out of the text. We should read,

this drudge OF THE DEVIL, THIS *diviner,*———

Drudge of the Devil, is the right periphrasis for a *witch.*

8 *And, I think, if my breast had not been made of* faith, *&c.*] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could

she had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently; post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till you return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE. IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possest with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, *with a chain.*

Ang. Master *Antipholis*,——

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain, unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir; I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

could resist a witch's power, of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however the *Oxford* Editor thinks *a breast made of flint*, better security, and has therefore put it in.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now;
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
(*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When, in the streets, he meets such golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

Merchant. YOU know, since *Pentecost* the sum is due;
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want gilders for my voyage;
Therefore make present satisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o' clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis *of* Ephesus, *and* Dromio *of* Ephesus, *as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may save: see, where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.

But,

But, soft; I see the goldsmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain:
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought, our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.

Ang Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more,
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd:
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town;
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have:
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porcupine:*
I should have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a shrew, you first began to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you, ev'n now. Or

Or send the chain, or send me by some token,
E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently
Offi. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail.
But, Sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuse, *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows

Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

E. Ent. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?

S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waſtage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtraight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her huſband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to* E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. AH, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's [1] meteors tilting in his face?

1 ——— *meteors tilting in his face.*] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place.

Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery.

Luc.

Luc. Firſt he deny'd, you had in him no right,
Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my ſpight.
Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and fere,
I'll-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.
Luc. Who wou'd be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

SCENE IV.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a (*a*) fury, pitileſs and rough,
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;

[(*a*) ——*fury*, *Mr.* Theobald,——Vulg. *fairy*.

A back-

A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men ſay,
That *Time* comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the money, bear it ſtraight,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. THERE's not a man I meet but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new-apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves ſkin, that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; [2] he, that ſets up his reſt

2 *he, that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* MORRIS *pike.*] *Sets up his Reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak, compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortened their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which *Freiſſart* tells us was once fifty foot long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion

reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a *Maurice*-Pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis*:
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

portion likewiſe held in their muſquets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſqueteers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *Reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their Reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion; no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much execution. In a word, *Shakeſpear* wrote,

a MAURICE-*Pike*,

i. e. a Pikeman of Prince *Maurice*'s army. He was the greateſt general of that age, and the conductor of the *Low-country* wars againſt *Spain*, under whom all the *Engliſh* Gentry and Nobility were bred to the ſervice. Being frequently overborn with numbers, he became famous for his fine Retreats, in which a ſtand of Pikes is of great ſervice. Hence the Pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse; she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say, God dam me, that's as much as to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason, that I gather, he is mad,

(Be-

(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own door being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. FEAR me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you, 'twould ſound harſhly in her ears.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus, *with a Rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* Dromio.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, [3] *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end. —

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dromio.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.

3 *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by *Buchanan* againſt the Lord of *Liddington*; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our Author would ſhew that he could quibble as well in *Engliſh*, as the other in *Latin*, I confeſs I know not. As for *prophecying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, Sir, my parrot propheſies.* To this *Butler* hints, where, ſpeaking of *Ralpho*'s ſkill in augury, he ſays,

Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry ROPE, *and* walk, knave, walk,

Good

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extaſie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight,
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. Oh, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors lock'd up, and you ſhut out.

E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, ſhe did, the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.
E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.
E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore did'ſt thou lock me forth to-day?
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company; — the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters; let him go:

He

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind* Antipholis *and* Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!
E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil ——
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go, bear him hence; sister, stay you with me.
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Antipholis, *and* Dromio.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, *and Courtezan.*

Off. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *with his Rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy, they are looſe again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis *and* Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I Am ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak ſoftly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly;
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove my honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house;
This is some Priory; in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I'm ſorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, 'till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. [1] It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theam;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.

1 *It was the* Copy *of our conference.*] We are not to underſtand this word here, as it is now uſed, in oppoſition to an *original*; any thing done after a pattern; but we are to take it in the neareſt ſenſe to the *Latin* word *Copia*, from which it is derived. *Adriana* would ſay, her reproofs were the burden, the fulneſs of her conference, all the ſubject of her talk. And in theſe acceptations the word *Copia* was uſed by Writers before our Author's time, as well as by his contemporaries. Mr. *Theobald.*

It

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised, what I say.
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him; in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
'A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
'A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
'A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
'A living dead man.' This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately

Ran

Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe, you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life;
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio?*

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure, I do not: and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
'Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
'In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
'And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
'Yet hath my night of life some memory;
'My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
'My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
'5 All these hold witnesses I cannot err,
'Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

5 *All these* OLD *witnesses, I cannot err,*] I believe we should read, *All these* HOLD *witnesses I cannot err*, *i. e.* All these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, *&c.*

Ægeon.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa*-bay,
Thou know'st, we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*, twenty years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbess with Antipholis Syracusan, *and* Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other;
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds;
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man,
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?
Oh, if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two *Antipholis's*, these two so like,
And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance;
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;

If

If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.
Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuse*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not, which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say *nay* to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think, I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*; but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me;
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors all arose.
E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.
Twenty five years have I but gone in travel
Of you my sons; nor, 'till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast [6] and gaude with me:
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antipholis's, *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, Sir, that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur.*

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, *Dromio.*
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholis S. *and* E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

6 ——*and* GO *with me:*] We should read,
——*and* GAUDE *with me;*
i. e. Rejoice, from the *French, Gaudir.*

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior:
'Till then lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

WINTER's

TALE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Jailor.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as* Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*
Two other Ladies,
Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes.*

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Sicilia; *ſometimes, in* Bohemia.

THE

THE

WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Leontes's PALACE.

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Arch. IF you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot; you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beſeech you———

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence—— in ſo rare——I know not what to ſay——we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

1 *The Winter's Tale.*] This play throughout is written in the very ſpirit of its author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, tho' agreeable, country tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *fancy's child,*
Warbles his native wood notes wild. Milton.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the Play, as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak, as my underſtanding inſtructs me; and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a Vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves!——

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE II.

Opens to the Preſence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. NINE Changes of the watry ſtar hath been [2] (The ſhepherd's note,) ſince we have left our Throne

[2] *The ſhepherd's note,*] *i. e.* I uſe the ſhepherd's reckoning.

Without

Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; [3] may there blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly." Besides I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer Stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,

3 —— THAT MAY *blow*
No sneaping winds at home, &c.] This is nonsense, we should read it thus,
—— MAY THERE *blow*, &c.
He had said he was apprehensive that his presence might be wanted at home; but, lest this should prove an ominous speech, he endeavours, as was the custom, to avert it by a deprecatory prayer.
—— *May there blow*
No sneaping winds —— *to make us say*,
This was put forth too truly. ——
But the *Oxford* Editor, rather than be beholden to this correction, alters it to,
—— there *may blow*
Some *sneaping winds* —— ——
and so destroys the whole sentiment.

Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure,
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong,
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay;
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure [*To* Pol.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, [4] I'll give you my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, [5] behind the geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: [6] yet, good heed, *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the ſtars with oaths,

4 —— *I'll give* HIM *my commiſſion,*] We ſhould read,
—— *I'll give* YOU *my commiſſion,*
The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, ſhews the neceſſity of it: For ſhe could not ſay ſhe would give her huſband a commiſſion to *let* or hinder himſelf. The commiſſion is given to *Polixenes*, to whom ſhe is ſpeaking, to let or hinder her huſband.

5 —— *behind the geſt*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the phraſe*, and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt*: But the word *geſt* is right, and ſignifies a ſtage or journey. In the time of *Royal Progreſſes* the King's ſtages, as we may ſee by the journals of them in the Herald's office, were called his GESTS; from the old *French* word GISTE, *Diverſorium.*

6 —— *yet, good heed,* Leontes,] *i. e.* yet take good heed, *Leontes*, to what I ſay. Which phraſe, Mr. *Theobald* not underſtanding, he alters it to, *good deed.*

Should

Should yet say, " Sir, no going, *verily*,
" You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hostess; come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; [7] th' imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's: for

[7] ——————— *th' imposition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] *i. e.* setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven.

In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had not then croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play fellow.

Her. [8] Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
Th'offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.

Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon That.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
[9] With ſpur we heat an acre, but to th' goal.

My

8 *Grace to boot!*

Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay, &c.] *Polixenes* had ſaid, that ſince the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this obſervation the Queen anſwers in order. To that of *temptations* ſhe replies, *Grace to boot! i. e.* tho' temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expreſſion on theſe occaſions. To the other part, ſhe replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no concluſion from thence, for that would be making your Queen and me devils, *&c.*

9 *With ſpur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:*] Thus this paſſage has been always pointed; whence it appears, that the Editors did not take the Poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpoſe*; but the ſenſe is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus,

——ere

My last good deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sowr'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
" I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th'purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th'other, for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot ——— [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me — my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass —— and then to sigh, as 'twere
[1] The mort o'th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows — *Mamillius,*
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy nose?
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

——— ——— ——— ——— *ere*
With spur we beat an acre, but to th' goal.

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us.

[1] *The mort o'th' deer*; —] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. Mr. *Theobald.*

Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm? — how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have.
To be full like me.—Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe,
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain.
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop — can thy dam — may't be —
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center,
Thou doſt make poſſible things not to be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams — (how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,
And fellow'ſt Nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And That beyond commiſſion; and I find it;
And That to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.
Pol. What means *Sicilia?*
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much Diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs, and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;

How

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole! —— My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtates-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*;
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are your's i'th garden: ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Hermione.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
To her allowing huſband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.
Go, play, boy, play — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knel. Go, play, boy, play — there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

[*Exeunt* Polixenes, Hermione *and attendants*: *Manent* Leontes, Mamillius, *and* Camillo.

And many a man there is, even at this prefent,
Now while I fpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks, fhe has been fluic'd in's abfence;
And his pond fifh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thofe gates open'd,
As mine, againft their will. Should all defpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themfelves. Phyfick for't, there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ftrike
Where 'tis predominant; and [2] 'tis powerful: think it.
Many a thoufand of's have the difeafe and feel't not.
How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they fay.

Leo. Why, that's fome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillius* — thou'rt an honeft man:
[*Exit* Mamillius.

SCENE III.

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet ftay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caft out, it ftill came home.

Leo. Did'ft note it?

Cam. He would not ftay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Did'ft perceive it?
They're here with me already; [3] whifp'ring, rounding;
Sicilia is a fo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I fhall guft it laft. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ftay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, fhould be pertinent;

2 — *'tis powerful: think it.*] After this there are four lines of infamous, fenfeleſs ribaldry, ſtuck in by ſome profligate player, which I have caſhier'd; and hope no learned critick, or fine lady, will eſteem this a caſtrated edition, for our having now and then on the ſame neceſſity, and after having given fair notice, taken the ſame liberty.

3 — *whiſp'ring, rounding*;] i. e. *rounding in the ear*, a phraſe in uſe at that time. But the *Oxford* Editor not knowing that, alters the text to, *whiſp'ring round.*

But

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand *Bohemia* stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highness, and th'entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfie
Th'entreaties of your mistress? satisfie?
Let That suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things nearest my heart; as well
My chamber-councels, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord ———

Leo. To bide upon't; — Thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That see'st a game plaid home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously

4 Commas and points set right by Mr. *Theobald.*

I play'd

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seen, *Camillo*,
(But that's past doubt, you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it;)
My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My Wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, [5] were sin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?

5 —— *were sin*
As deep as that, tho' true.] *i. e.* Your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her.

Why,

Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck; *Bohemia*, —— who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do That
Which should undo more Doing: I, and thou
His cup bearer, (whom I from meaner forme
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
[6] But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously,

[6] *But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work Maliciously, like poison:*] The thought is here beautifully expressed. He could do it with a dram that should have none of those visible effects that *detect* the poisoner. These effects he finely calls the malicious workings of poison, as if done with design to *betray* the user. But the *Oxford* Editor would mend *Shakespear's* expression, and reads,

that

Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee——Make't thy question, and go rot:
Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:)
Give scandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beveridge,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! but, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

——*that should not work*
Like a malicious poison:——

So that *Camillo*'s reason is quite lost in this happy emendation.

Of

Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that have ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany it ſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar reign now!
Here comes *Bohemia*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——
Good day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs

Which

Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle;) I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,) That thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
7 To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

7 *To vice you to't,*——] *i. e.* to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *Tempter* to evil.

Pol.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear (*a*) this though over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I'm sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night;
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twoes, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.——This jealousie
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,

[(*a*) *this though*, *Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. *his thought.*]

Must

Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him; why, his revenges muſt
In That be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
[8] Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen's; part of his theam, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs,
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

Her. TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they ſay,

[8] *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious Queen;——] But how could his expedition comfort the Queen? on the contrary, it would increaſe her Huſband's ſuſpicion. We ſhould read,

——*and comfort*
The gracious Queen's;——

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the Queen's friend. The *Oxford* Editor has thought fit to paraphraſe my correction, and ſo reads,

——Heaven *comfort*
The gracious Queen;

Become

Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 *Lady*. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 *Lady*. Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady*. Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady*. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; (good time encounter her!)

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mem. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man———

Her. Nay, come sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;——I will tell it softly:
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords*.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never Saw

Saw I men scowr so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd
In being so blest! "There may be in the cup
"A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
"And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
"Is not infected; but if one present
"Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
"How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
"With violent hefts. ——— I have drunk, and seen
the spider. ———
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
[1] He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him. ———

Her. What is this, sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;
Away with him, and let her sport herself
With that she's big with: for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

1 *He hath discover'd my design, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing; ——] Alluding to the superstition of the vulgar, concerning those who were enchanted, and fastened to the spot, by charms superior to their own.

Leo.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha,—(these petty brands,
That calumny doth use: oh, I am out,—
That mercy do's; for calumny will sear
Virtue it self.) These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest; but be't known,
(From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be;)
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should, a like language use to all degrees;
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile Principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake

In

In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping; (as our ſex
Commonly are,) the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd!——

Leo. Shall I be heard?——

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highneſs,
My women may be with me, for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do your bidding; hence.

[*Exit* Queen, *guarded*; *and Ladies.*

Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three Great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your ſon.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, (I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.)

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my [2] ſtable-ſtand where I lodge

2 ——*ſtable-ſtand*——] Stable-ſtand is a term of the foreſt laws, and

I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord,———

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damm him: be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations; they are coheirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.

Leo Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you, (or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill,) cannot, or will not

and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. *Oxford Editor.*

Relish

Reliſh a truth like us; inform your ſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only; nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild) I have diſpatched in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Changes to a Prison.*

Enter Paulina, *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. THE keeper of the prison, call to him: [*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Goa. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? *Emilia?*
Goa. So please you, Madam,
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Gent.* &c.
Goa. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives

Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th'King! beshrew them,
He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil Most worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen; please you, come something nearer.

Gen. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great Nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Gen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. NOR night, nor day, no reſt; —it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o'th'cauſe,
She, the adult'reſs; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Atten. He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares.—Fie, fie, no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. [*within.*] Madam, he hath not slept to-night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
[3] Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my Lord, but needful conference,
About some gossips for your Highness.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady.——*Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? can'st not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

[3] *Honest, as either*;——] *i. e.* whose subject is the Queen's innocence: otherwise there would be a tautology.

Paul.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
4 And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, on th' worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But firſt, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her, out o'door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not ſo;
I am as ignorant in That, as you
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.

[*To* Antigonus.

4 *And would by combat make her good, ſo were I*
A man, the worſt about you.] *Paulina* ſuppoſes the King's jealouſy to be raiſed and inflamed by the courtiers about him; who, ſhe finely ſays,

——creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings:——

Surely then, ſhe could not ſay, that were ſhe a man, *the worſt of theſe*, ſhe would vindicate her miſtreſs's honour againſt the King's ſuſpicions, in ſingle combat. *Shakeſpear*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

——ſo were I
A man, ON TH' *worſt about you.*

i. e. were I a man, I would vindicate her honour, on the worſt of theſe ſycophants that are about you.

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unroosted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy croan.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the Princess by that [5] forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul So, I would, you did: then 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A nest of traytors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himself. For he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leo. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!——This brat is none of mine;
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

5 ——————forced *baseness*] *forced* for unnatural.

No

No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.

Leo. A groſs hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:

The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. 'Beſeech your highneſs give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel———

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it

To

To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this: tho' a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require; and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side!
Poor thing condemn'd to loss.——

[*Exit, with the child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your Highness, posts,
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Hasting to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: this good speed foretels,
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open tryal. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Part of Sicily, *near the Sea-side.*

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

Cleo. THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
[1] Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion. [2] It ſhames report.
Foremoſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice —
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o'th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen, (O be't ſo!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
[3] The uſe is worth the time on't.

1 *Fertile the* iſle, ———] But the temple of *Apollo* at *Delphi* was not in an iſland, but in *Phocis*, on the continent. Either *Shakeſpear*, or his Editors, had their heads running on *Delos*, an iſland of the *Cyclades*. If it was the Editor's blunder, then *Shakeſpear* wrote, *Fertile the* ſoil, ———
which is more elegant too than the preſent reading.

2 I SHALL *report*,

FOR MOST *it caught me*, &c.] What will he report? And what means this reaſon of his report, that the celeſtial habits moſt ſtruck his obſervation? We ſhould read,

IT SHAMES *report.*

FOREMOST *it caught me.* ———

Cleomines had juſt before ſaid, that the *Temple much ſurpaſſed the common praiſe it bore.* The other, very naturally, replies——*it ſhames report*, as far ſurpaſſing what report ſaid of it. He then goes on to particularize the wonders of the place: *Foremoſt*, or firſt of all, the prieſts garments, then their behaviour, their act of ſacrifice, &c. in reaſonable good order.

3 *The* time *is worth the* uſe *on't.*] It ſhould be juſt the reverſe,
The uſe *is worth the* time *on't.*
and this alteration the *Oxford* Editor approves.

Cleo.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' beſt! theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the buſineſs; when the oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo*'s great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes:
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Repreſents a Court of Juſtice.*

Leontes, *Lords and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leo. THIS ſeſſion, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; — let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the priſoner. ——

Offi. It is his Highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court. Silence!

Hermione *is brought in, guarded*; Paulina, *and Ladies attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but That
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other

But

But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, "and tyranny
"Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only That I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,

I lov'd

I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I,) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek:
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd most unluckily,) is from my breast
(The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet with immodest hatred;

The

The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,—
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,) I tell you,
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomenes.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my father;
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Offi. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaste*, Polixenes *blameless*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if That, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praised!

Leo.

Leo. Haſt thou read truth?
Offi. Ay, my lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Seſſion ſhall proceed; this is meer falſhood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King—
Leo. What is the buſineſs?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone.
Leo. How gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.—Now now, there?

[Hermione *faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.

[*Exeunt* Paulina *and ladies with* Hermoine.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great Prophaneneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle!
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*;
(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,

No

No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Through my dark Rust! and how his Piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too. —
Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, Tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Must I receive? whose very word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealousies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!) O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;
That did but [4] shew thee off, a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; but the last, O lords,
When I have said, cry, woe! the Queen, the Queen,—

4 ——— *shew thee of a fool* —] So all the copies. We should read, — *shew thee off, a fool,* — *i. e.* represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, *&c.*

The

The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
'Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
'Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
'To nothing but Despair. A thousand knees,
'Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
'Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
'In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
'To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou can'st not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't.
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better

Than

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The Chapel where they lye, and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bohemia. *A deſert Country; the ſea at a little Diſtance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. THOU art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of *Bohemia?*

Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away,
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o' th' buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

Sometimes

Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife *Paulina* more.——And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
5 This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lye, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins; —— Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow, (weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.) Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have

5 *This was ſo,*——] I rather think *Shakeſpear* wrote SOOTH, *i. e.* a truth, a reality.

A lul-

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! this is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

SCENE VII.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. "I would there were no age between ten and "three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out "the rest: for there is nothing in the *between* but "getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, "stealing, fighting ——hark you now! —— would "any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and "twenty, hunt this weather? They have scar'd away "two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will "sooner find than the master; if any where I have "them, 'tis by the sea side, brouzing of ivy. Good "luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking "up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty "bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, "a very pretty one; sure, some 'scape: tho' I am "not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in "the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some "trunk-work, some behind-door-work:" they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! ——

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. "I would, you did but see how it chafes, how "it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not "to the point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor "souls,

" ſouls, ſometimes to ſee' em, and not to ſee 'em:
" now the ſhip boring the moon with her main maſt,
" and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd
" thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. [6] And then for the
" land ſervice —— to ſee how the bear tore out his
" ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and
" ſaid, his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to
" make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-
" dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd,
" and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gen-
" tleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both
" roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.—— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo, let's ſee: it was told me, I ſhould be rich, by the fairies. This is ſome changeling: open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! ——

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecreſie. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll

6 *And then for the land ſervice,*] Every one ſees the humour of this military expreſſion of *land-ſervice*; and how well it is adapted to the character. Yet the *Oxford* Editor alters it to *land-fight*.

go

go see if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of *Time*,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, [7] and leave the gulf untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant, and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times, that brought them in; so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,
I mention here a son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*

[7] ——*and leave the* GROWTH *untry'd*
Of that wide gap; ——] The *growth* of what? The reading is nonsense. *Shakespear* wrote
——*and leave the* GULF *untry'd, i. e.* unwaded thro'. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is restored. All the terms of the sentence, relating to a *Gulf*; as *swift passage.*—*slide over*——*untry'd*——*wide gap.*

I now

I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſie. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that *Time* himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; [1] and my profit therein, the reaping friendſhips.

1 *and my profit therein, the* REAPING *friendſhips.*] This is nonſenſe. We ſhould read, REAPING *friendſhips.* The King had ſaid

friendſhips. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: [2] but I have (miſſing him) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the Angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'y-

ſaid his ſtudy ſhould be to reward his friend's deſerts; and then concludes that his profit in this ſtudy ſhould be reaping the fruits of his friend's attachment to him; which refers to what he had before ſaid of the neceſſity of *Camillo*'s ſtay, or otherwiſe he could not reap the fruit of thoſe *buſineſſes*, which *Camillo* had cut out.

2 *but I have* (MISSINGLY) *noted*,] We ſhould read, *but I have* (MISSING HIM) *noted*. This accounts for the reaſon of his taking note, becauſe he often miſſed him, that is, wanted his agreeable company. For a compliment is intended; and, in that ſenſe, it is to be underſtood. The *Oxford* Editor reads, *muſingly noted*.

thee,

thee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*——we must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Country.*

Enter Autolicus *singing.*

WHEN daffadils begin to peere,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then come in the sweet o'th' year;
'Fore the red blood reins-in the winter pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my (a) progging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

Why, *then* COMES *in the sweet o'th' year;*
For the red blood REIGNS *in the* WINTER'S *pale.*] I think this nonsense should be read thus,

Why, then COME *in the sweet o'th' year;*
'FORE *the red blood* REINS-*in the winter pale.*

i. e. Why then come in, or let us enjoy, pleasure, while the season serves, before *pale winter reins-in* the *red* or youthful *blood*; as much as to say, let us enjoy life in youth, before old age comes and freezes up the blood.

[(a) *progging*——*Oxford* Edition——Vulg. *pugging.*]

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linnen. [4] My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and [5] my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.——A prize! a prize!

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see,——Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.—— [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice——what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man song-men all, and very

4 *My father nam'd me* Autolicus, *&c.*] Mr. *Theobald* says, *the allusion is unquestionably to* Ovid. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from *Lucian*; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicial Astrology*, where *Autolicus* talks much in the same manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the son of *Mercury* by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the Astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so *Autolicus* was a thief.

5 *my revenue is the* silly *cheat.*] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows; I am content with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles*. But the *Oxford* Editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all *Shakespear*'s humour, alters it to, *the fly cheat*.

good

good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to hornpipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates——none——that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o' th' ſun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the Ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death——

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſeman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, ſweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I ſhall there have

money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. "A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go "about[6] with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a "servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for "which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly "whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. "His vices, you would say; there's no virtue "whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make "it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. "Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man "well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a pro-"cess-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a[7] motion "of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife "within a mile where my land and living lies; and, "having flown over many knavish professions, he set-"tled only in a rogue;" some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—— he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewel, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*

6 *with trol-my-dames:*] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes.

7 *motion of the prodigal son,*] *i.e.* the *Puppet-show*, then called *Motions*. A term frequently occurring in our Author.

Aut.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, [8] let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Prospect of a Shepherd's Cotte.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. THESE your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but *Flora*
Peering in *April*'s front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; [9] sworn, I think,
To

[8] *let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!*] Begging gipsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated Body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so.

[9] ——*sworn, I think,*
To shew myself a glass.] *i.e.* one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance;

To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o'th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

tenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. But the *Oxford* Editor alters it to,

——*ſwoon, I think,*
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

What he means I don't know. But *Perdita* was not ſo much given to *ſwooning*, as appears by her behaviour at the King's threats, when the intrigue was diſcovered.

Flo.

Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'th' feaſt; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay *no*. Be merry, (Gentle,)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

SCENE. V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach;
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. "Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
"This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
"Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all; ſerv'd all;
"Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
"At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:
"On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o' fire
"With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it
"She would to each one ſip." You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'th'feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Polix. *and* Camillo.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'th'day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, *Dorcas* — Reverend Sirs,

" For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
" Seeming and savour all the winter long:
" Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
" And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. " Sir, the year growing ancient,
" Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
" Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
" Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
" Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
" Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not
" To get slips of them

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. " For I have heard it said,
" There is an art, which in their piedness shares
" With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
" Yet nature is made better by no mean,
" But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
" Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
" That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
" A gentle scyon to the wildest stock;
" And make conceive a bark of baser kind
" By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
" Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
" The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. " I'll not put
" The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
" No more than, were I painted, I would wish
" This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-
" fore
" Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
" Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
" The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
" And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers

" Of

" Of middle ſummer, and I think, they are given
" To men of middle age." Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. " Out, alas!
" You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January*
" Would blow you through and through. Now, my
" faireſt friend,
" I would, I had ſome flowers o'th' ſpring, that might
" Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
" That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
" Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
" For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
" From *Dis*'s waggon! daffadils,
" That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
" The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
" But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
" Or *Cytherea*'s breath, pale primroſes,
" That die unmarried, ere they can behold
" Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength; (a malady
" Moſt incident to maids;) *(a)* gold ox-lips, and
" The crown imperial; lillies of all kinds,
" The flower-de-lis being one. O theſe, I lack
" To make you garlands of, and, my ſweet friend,
" To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarſe; or if, — not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſon paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, (ſweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo, give alms;
Pray, ſo; and for the ordering your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do

[*(a) gold*, Oxford Editor —— Vulg. *bold.*]

Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. [1] I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. "This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
"Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look *(a)* out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. *Mopſa* muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlick to mend her kiſſing with ——

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf

[1] —— *I think, you* have
As little ſkill *to fear* ——] *To have ſkill to do a thing* was a phraſe then in uſe equivalent to our *to have reaſon to do a thing*. The *Oxford* Editor, ignorant of this, alters it to,
As little ſkill in fear ——
which has no kind of ſenſe in this place.

(a) *out.* Mr. *Theobald* — Vulg. *on't.*

To

To have [2] a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says, he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. She does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him That
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dil-do's and fa-ding's: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

2 — *a worthy* FEEDING;] certainly BREEDING,

Clo.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why, he ſings them over, as they were Gods and Goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the *(a)* ſleeve-band and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus, *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

(a) ſleeve-band, Oxford Editor — Vulg. *ſleeve-band.*

Mop.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould wear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well, they are whiſpring: [3] clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money bags at a burthen; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs *Tale-porter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on; lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd

3 Clamour *your tongues,*] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called clamouring them. The alluſion is humourous.

upon

upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another. ——

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to the grange, or mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble

trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the first choice: follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And silk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedler; money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Exe.* Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopsa.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves [4] all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those, that refresh us: 'pray, let's see those four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

4 *all men of hair,*] *i. e.* nimble, that leap as if they rebounded: The phrase is taken from *tennis-balls*, which were stuffed with hair. So in *Henry* V. it is said of a courser.

He bounds as if his entrails were hairs.

Pol.

5 *Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them;
He's simple, and tells much.——How now, fair
shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I wou'd have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts, she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, " or the fann'd snow
" That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before! I've put you out;
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial Monarch
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth

5 Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the King in answer to the shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleased.* Yet the *Oxford* Editor, I can't tell why, gives this line to *Florizel*, since *Florizel* and the old man were not in conversation.

That

That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her imploy them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou coap'ſt with——

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,

That

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here undone:
" [6] I was not much afraid; for once or twice
" I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
" The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
" Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
" Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?
[*To* Florizel.
I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
" Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
" But milk my ewes, and weep."
Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know That which I know. O Sir,
[*To* Florizel.
" [7] You have undone a man of fourscore three,
" That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
" To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
" To lye close by his honest bones; but now
" Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
" Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.

6 *I was not much afraid*; &c.] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished on the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education.

7 *You have undone a man of fourscore three*, &c.] These sentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs thro' them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of *Perdita*; and here supported, by shewing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*.

That

That knew'ſt, This was the Prince; and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd! what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo*——

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within! — Lift up thy looks! —
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or

The

The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*——
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Cam.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see. [*Aside.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction;

(If

(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness, where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualifie,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after That trust to thee?

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;
And there present yourself, and your fair Princess
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with

What

What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
[8] The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*.
She is as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis Pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*———

[8] *The which shall point you forth at every* sitting,] *Every sitting*, says Mr. *Theobald, methinks, gives us but a very poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *ever sitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience you shall have of the King and Council. The Council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the Sittings*.

But,

But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our Houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*———
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.—
[*They talk aſide.*

SCENE X.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my Pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Flor. *and* Perd. *come forward.*

Cam.

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that Doubt.

Flor. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes.*——

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autol.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging. [*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal That from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly: (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; (I know ye well enough)

Cam. Nay, pry'thee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)——

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had Earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſs! (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own Seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board

Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King
[*Aſide.*
Of this Eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to th' ſea-ſide.
[*Exit* Flor. *with* Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? ſure, the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. (*a*) If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

(*a*) Oxford Edition—Vulg. *If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do it.*

Enter

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside,——here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; "who, I may say, is no honest "man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about "to make me the King's brother-in-law."

Clo. "Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off "you could have been to him; and then your blood "had been the dearer by I know how much an "ounce."

Aut. Very wisely, puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is That in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my Pedler's excrement. How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they

often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, [9] therefore they do give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier, *Cap-a-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. [1] Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. "How blest'd are we, that are not simple men!
"Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
"Therefore I will not disdain."

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. "He seems to be the more noble in being "fantastical; a Great man, I'll warrant; I know, by "the picking on's teeth."

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King; and which

9 *Therefore they do* not *give us the lie.*] *Dele* the negative: the sense requires it. The Joke is this, they have a profit in lying to us by advancing the price of their commodities; therefore they do lie.

1 *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant.*] This satire, on the bribery of courts, not unpleasant.

he

he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy, and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old Sheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick wall, the Sun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; " and tho' authority be a stub-" born Bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold;" shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive———

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. " In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pi-" tiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister: we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which, who knows how That may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that Title, and what shame

else

elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to SICILIA.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

Cle. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heir-leſs it hath made my Kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
Kill'd? ſhe I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers (by his highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on What were more holy,
[1] Than to rejoice the former Queen? This will.
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone; beſides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary;

1 *Than to rejoice, the former Queen* IS WELL?] The ſpeaker is here giving reaſons why the King ſhould marry again. *One* reaſon is, pity to the State; *another*, regard to the continuance of the royal family; and the *third*, comfort and conſolation to the King's affliction. All hitherto is plain, and becoming a Privy-counſellor. But now comes in, what he calls, a *holy* argument for it, and that is *a rejoicing that the former Queen is well and at reſt.* To make this argument of force, we muſt conclude that the ſpeaker went upon this opinion, that a widower can never heartily rejoice that his former wife is at reſt, till he has got another. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*What were more holy,*
Than to rejoice the former Queen? THIS WILL.

What, ſays the ſpeaker, can be a more holy motive to a new choice than that it will glad the ſpirit of the former Queen? for ſhe was of ſo excellent a diſpoſition that the happineſs of the King and Kingdom, to be procured by it, will give her extreme pleaſure. The Poet goes upon the general opinion, that the ſpirits of the happy in the other world are concerned for the condition of their ſurviving friends.

Oppoſe

Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and on this ſtage,
(Where we (*a*) offend her now) appear ſoul-vext,
And begin, Why to me?——

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

[(*a*) *offend her*. *Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. *offenders*.

Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leo My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never 'till then.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his princeſs (ſhe,
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leo. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; [2] ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; *ſhe had not been*,
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you've ſeen a better.

2——*ſo muſt thy grave*] *Grave* for *Epitaph*.

Gent.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Yourſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit Cleo.*

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As your fair princeſs, goddeſs!——oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly!) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom

(Tho'

(Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on.
Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, (at friend)
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bad me say so, more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them living.
Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
Th' adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libya*.
Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness; my best train
I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not only my success in *Libya*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.
Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,

So

So sacred as it is, I have done sin ;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you ?

SCENE IV.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so high. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me ;
Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia ?* speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message: to your court
Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way,
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake ; they kneel ; they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves, as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!

The

The heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry,
[3] Your choice is not ſo rich in birth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. 'Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made — But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,

[3] *Your choice is not ſo rich in* WORTH *as beauty,*] The Poet muſt have wrote,

Your choice is not ſo rich in BIRTH *as beauty*;

Becauſe *Leontes* was ſo far from diſparaging, or thinking meanly of her worth, that, on the contrary, he rather eſteems her a treaſure; and, in his next ſpeech to the Prince, calls her his *precious miſtreſs*.

I'm

I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Near the Court in* Sicilia.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. BESEECH you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: the news, *Rogero?*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see,

ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione* — her jewel about the neck of it — the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character, — the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother, — the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding, — and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then aſks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, "like "a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns." I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much to juſtifie him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her huſband,

band, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that [4]which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did with an, *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by [5]that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape: He ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

4 *which angled for mine eyes,* [*caught the water, tho' not the fiſh, was,* &c.] I dare pronounce what is here in hooks, a moſt ſtupid interpolation of ſome player, that angled for a witticiſm; and therefore have ſtruck it out of the text.

5 *that rare* Italian *maſter,* Julio Romano, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *All the encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artiſt in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praiſe here given him by our author.* But he is ever the unluckieſt of all criticks when he paſſes judgment on beauties and defects. The paſſage happens to be quite unworthy *Shakeſpear.* 1. He makes his ſpeaker ſay, that was *Julio Romano* the God of Nature, he would outdo Nature. For this is the plain meaning of the words, *had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, he would beguile Nature of her cuſtom.* 2*dly*, He makes of this famous Painter, a *Statuary*; I ſuppoſe confounding him with *Michael Angelo*; but, what is worſt of all, a *painter of ſtatues*, like Mrs. *Salmon* of her wax-work.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have reliish'd among my other discredits.

SCENE VI.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. "You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight "with me this other day, because I was no gentle- "man born: see you these clothes? say, you see "them not, and think me still no gentleman born. "You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen "born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am "not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother,

ther, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; " and there was the firſt gen-
" tleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it; and, I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to* Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, ſovereign Sir,

I did

I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; [6] therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death; behold, and ſay, 'tis well!
[Paulina *draws a curtain, and diſcovers*
Hermione *ſtanding like a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you, my Liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?

Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her,
As ſhe liv'd now.

6 ——————*therefore I keep it*
Lovely, *apart.*——] *Lovely*, *i. e.* charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderneſs. The *Oxford* Editor reads,
Lonely, *apart.*——
As if it could be *apart* without being *alone*.

Leo.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such life of Majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd; do's not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magick in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing——Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;——
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
[7] Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

[7] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The sentence compleated is,

——*but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.*
But there his passion made him break off.

What

What was he, that did make it? see, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. [8] The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
[9] I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,

8 *The* FIXURE *of her eye has motion in't.*] This is sad nonsense. We should read,

The FISSURE *of her eye*———

i. e. the socket, the place where the eye is.

9 *I could* afflict *you further.*] If it had not been for the answer, one should have concluded the Poet had wrote, *affect you*; however he uses *afflict* in the sense of *affect*. This is only observed to shew, that when we find words to which we must put an unusual signification to make sense, that we ought to conclude *Shakespear* took that liberty, and that the text is not corrupted. A thing the *Oxford* Editor should have considered.

I'll

I'll make the ſtatue move, indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.

Paul. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike; [*Muſick.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive, ſhe ſtirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Untill you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing; turn, good Lady:

Our

Our *Perdita* is found.

[*Presenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Hermione.

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for That;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; "I, an old turtle,
"Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
"My mate, that's never to be found again,
"Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina:*
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion: this, your son-in law,
And son unto the King—whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Saliſbury, } Engliſh *Lords.*
Hubert,
Bigot,
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

THE

[1]THE LIFE and DEATH OF KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Saliſbury, *with* Chatilion.

K. John. NOW, ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*,
In my behaviour, to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffrey*'s ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;

1 *The troubleſome reign of King John*, was written in two parts, by *W. Shakeſpear* and *W. Rowley*, and printed 1611. But the preſent Play is intirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it. Mr. *Pope*.

And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T'inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France*.
Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſie.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatilion*.
[*Exeunt* Chatilion *and* Pembroke.
Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe,
'Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody, iſſue arbitrate.
K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us ——
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.
Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſie,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge. — What men are you?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his Brother, the Baſtard.*

Phil. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge*.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?
Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But, once, he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much; ——

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale must be, how he imploy'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault is hers;
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's Will be of no force
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed Son of *Cœur-de-lion*,
[2] Lord of the presence, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuft; [3] my face so thin,
[4] That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes!"

2 *Lord of* THY *presence, and no land beside?*] *Lord of thy presence* can signify only, *Master of thyself*; and it is a strange expression to signify even *that*. However *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We should read,

Lord of THE *presence* ——

i. e. Prince of the Blood.

3 —— —— —— —— *my face so thin,*
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, 'look, where three-farthings *goes!'*]

We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the first, and indeed the only Prince who coin'd in *England* three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the same time coin'd shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence: And these pieces all had her head, and were *alternately* with the *Rose* behind, and without the *Rose*. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, *viz.* the six-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the *Rose*. Mr. *Theobald.*

4 *That in mine* ear *I durst not stick a* rose.] The sticking *Roses* about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy*, l. 2. c. 1. Je luy ay appris à mettre des ROSES *par tous les coins*, i. e. *in every place about him*, says the Speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions.

And to his shape were heir to all his land;"
'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any case.
Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to *France*.
Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Phil. Philip, my Liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great;
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Phil. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!
Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*!
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me so.
Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have his have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
Come, Madam; and come *Richard*; we must speed
For *France*, for *France*; for it is more than need.

Phil.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th' way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but* Philip.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
" Good-den, Sir *Richard*, — God-a-mercy, fellow;
" And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
" For new-made honour, doth forget men's names:
" 'Tis too respective and unsociable
" For your conversing. Now your traveller,
" He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
" And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
" Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
" My [5] piked man of countries; — My dear Sir,
" (Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
" I shall beseech you, — that is question now;
" And then comes answer like an ABC-book:
" O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
" At your employment, at your service, Sir: ——
" No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours, —
" [6] And so e'er answer knows what question would,
" Saving

5 *Piked man,*] *i. e.* formally bearded. Mr. *Pope.*

6 *And so e'er answer knows what question would,*
SAVING *in dialogue of compliment.*] In this fine speech *Faulconbridge* would shew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worship.* He observes, particularly, that *he* has the Traveller at command; (people at that time, when a new world was discovering, in the highest estimation.) At the first intimation of his desire to hear strange stories, the Traveller complies, and will scarce give him leave to make his question, but *e'er answer knows what question would* — What then? why, according to the present reading, it grows towards supper-time: And is *not this worshipful society?* To spend all the time between dinner and supper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read SERVING instead of *saving*, and all this nonsense is avoided; and the account stands thus, " E'er answer knows what question would be at, my travel-" ler *serves in his dialogue of compliment*, which is his standing " dish at all tables; then he comes to talk of the *Alps and* " *Apennines, &c.* and, by the time this discourse concludes, it draws " towards supper. All this is sensible and humourous; and the

" Saving in dialogue of compliment;
" And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
" The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
" It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
" But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
[7 And so am I, whether I smack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court so hastily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s son,
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s son, that you seek so?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s son? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s son: why scorn'st thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Robert*'s son; and so art thou.

phrase of *serving in* is a very pleasant one to denote that this was his worship's *second course*. What follows shews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were swallowed, which he calls *sweet poison for the age's tooth*; and how acceptable it made men at court——*For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.* And yet the *Oxford* Editor says, by this *sweet poison* is *meant flattery*.

7 *And so am I, whether I smack or no.*] A nonsensical line of the Players.

Phil.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.
Phil. [8] *Philip!* —— ſpare me, *James*;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* James.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Phil. [9] Knight, Knight, good mother ——*Baſiliſco* like.
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s Son;
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thy ſelf a *Faulconbridge*?
Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.
Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long, and vehement ſuit, I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.

8 *Philip*, ſparrow, *James.*] I think the poet wrote,
Philip! —— *ſpare me, James.*
i. e. dont affront me with an appellation that comes from a family which I diſclaim.

9 *Knight, Knight, good mother*——Baſiliſco *like*] The words allude to an expreſſion in an old fooliſh play, then the common Butt of ridicule. But the beauty of the paſſage conſiſts in his alluding, at the ſame time, to his high original. His father, *Richard the firſt*, was ſurnamed *Cœur-de-lion*. And the *Cor Leonis*, a fixed ſtar of the firſt magnitude, in the ſign *Leo*, is called *Baſiliſco*.

Phil.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Against whose fury, and unmatched force,
The awless lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives, and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him *nay*, it had been sin;
Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Austria, Constance, *and* Arthur.

Lewis. BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Austria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death

The

The rather, that you give his offspring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till *Angiers* and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n 'till that utmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her King. 'Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. Philip. Well then, to work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town;
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French-men*' blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wiſh

Our

Our messenger *Chatilion* is arrived;
What *England* says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee. *Chatilion*, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-Queen;
An[illegible] stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence:
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit

Our

Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and peace aſcend to heav'n.
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. Philip. Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love: and for that *England*'s ſake
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King;
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity;
Out-faced infant ſtate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey*'s face.
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; *England* was *Geffrey*'s right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. Philip. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, *France*,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. Philip. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuſe it; 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou doſt call uſurper, *France*?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.——

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!

Conſt.

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think,
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace———

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you, An a'may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoak your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lies as ſightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides'* [1] ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Philip*, determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.

K. Philip. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as ſoon.—I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
Submit thee, boy.

[1] *ſhews*] Spelt right by *Mr. Theobald*.

Eli.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conſt. Do, child, go to it grandam, child,
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe'er ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth!
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. John Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.
K. Philip. Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate;
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.

Some

Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Philip. 'Tis *France*, for *England*.

K. John. *England* for itſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects———

K. Philip. You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle———

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;

And

And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a blessed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war:
Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s subjects; For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,

To

To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed—
Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe)
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe———
Faulc. (Some baſtards too.)
K. Philip. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. 'Till you compound, whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King!
K. Philip. Amen, Amen.———Mount chevaliers, to arms!
Faulc. Saint *George* that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.——— [*To Auſtria.*
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. Philip. It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A long Charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*;
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmen's* blood.
There ſtruck no plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame hands;
That did diſplay them, when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the Onſet and Retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.

Both

Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at ſeveral Doors.

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our Right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.
K. Philip. England, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth, this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.
Faulc. Ha! Majeſty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the ſtained field,
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let Confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.
K. John. Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?
K. Philip. Speak, Citizens, for *England,* who's your King?

Cit.

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. [2] A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings are our fears,——until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heav'n, the Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and Acts of death.
You royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
'Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even 'till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty States?

2 *A greater pow'r, than* WE, *denies all this*;
Kings OF *our fears.*——] We ſhould read *than ye.* What power was this? their *fears.* It is plain therefore we ſhould read
Kings are our fears,——
i. e. our fears are the Kings which at preſent rule us.

Smacks

Smacks it not something of the Policy?

K. John. Now by the sky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our Pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these sawcy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defie each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heav'n or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this City's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! from North to South;
Austria and *France* shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroak or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field;
Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch?*
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch?*
If love, ambitious, sought a match of Birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch?*
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is

Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat, (*a*) oh say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If Want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a She:
And she a fair divided Excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates: for at this match,
With swifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this City.

Faulc. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of *France*;
Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the Crown,

[(*a*)——*oh.* Oxford Editor——Vulg. *of.*]

That yon green boy shall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a Yielding in the looks of *France*;
Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Philip. Speak, *England*, first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this City: what say you?

K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this City now by us besieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princess of the world.

K. Philip. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whispering with* Blanch.

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a Love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young Ones? what say you, my Niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give *Volquessen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of *English* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. Philip. It likes us well; young Princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Philip. Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary*'s Chapel presently
The Rights of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Constance* in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this Match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' Tent.

K. Philip. And, by my faith, this league, that we
have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britagne*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Conſtance*;
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt, we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.
[*Exeunt all but* Faulconbridge.

SCENE VI.

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop *Arthur*'s Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
" The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
" Made to run even, upon even ground;
" Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
" This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
" Makes it take head from all indifferency,
" From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.

And

And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French *King's* Pavilion.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, *and* Saliſbury.

Conſt. GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again;
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;

And, tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.

Conſt. "If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
"Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
"Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
"Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
"Patch'd with foul moles, and eye offending marks;
"I would not care, I then would be content:
"For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
"Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
"But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
"Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
"Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
"And with the half-blown roſe." But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*;

And

And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to *John*;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping *John*!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner *(a)* ſtout.
To me, and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my Grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow ſit;
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.
[*Sits down on the Floor.*

SCENE II.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

K. Philip. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holy-day. — [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?

[*(a) ſtout.* *Oxford* Editor — Vulg. *ſtoop.*]

Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. Philip. By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn,
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be huſband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide!
Thou fortune's champion, that durſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend

Upon

Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.
Auſt. O, that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!
Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.
Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.
Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.
' *Auſt.* [1] Methinks, that *Richard*'s pride, and *Richard*'s fall
' Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.
' *Faulc.* What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
' My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!
' How doth *Alecto* whiſper in my ears,
' Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain ſtrait;
' Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
' Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages. —
' Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
' Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
' Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
' And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.
K. John. We like not this, thou doſt forget thyſelf.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulpho.

K. Philip. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;

[1] *Methinks, that* Richard's *pride*, &c] What was the ground of this quarrel of the Baſtard to *Auſtria* is no where ſpecified in the preſent play: nor is there in this place, or the ſcene where it is firſt hinted at (namely the ſecond of Act II.) the leaſt mention of any reaſon for it. But the ſtory is, that *Auſtria*, who killed King *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wore, as the ſpoil of that Prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him. This circumſtance renders the anger of the Baſtard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the firſt ſketch of this play (which *Shakeſpear* is ſaid to have had a hand in, jointly with *William Rowley*) we accordingly find this inſiſted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thoſe verſes here. Mr. *Pope*.

I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are supreme head,
So, under him, that great Supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Philip. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Tho' you and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grosly by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse, that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:
Tho' you, and all the rest, so grosly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const.

Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou *Amen*,
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raiſe the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul. ——

Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe ——

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. John. Philip, What ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forego the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of *Rome*.

Conſt. Lewis, ſtand faſt, the devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of [2] a new untrimmed bride.

2 — *a new untrimmed bride.*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *that as untrimmed cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required*, it muſt be corrupt; therefore he will caſhier it, and read, *and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the *Oxford* Editor; but they are both too haſty. It ſquares very well with the ſenſe, and ſignifies *unſteady*. The term is taken from Navigation. We ſay too, in a ſimilar way of ſpeaking, *not well manned*.

Blanch.

Blanch. The lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith;
But from her need.

Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.

Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.

Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.

K. Philip. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.

Pand. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?

K. Philip. Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo, jeſt with heav'n?
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Unſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of

Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon,
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doſt hold.

K. Philip, I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf;
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
[3] Is yet amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
[4] But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:

By

3 *Is* NOT *amiſs, when it is truly done:*] This is a concluſion *de travers.* We ſhould read,

Is YET *amiſs,* ——

The *Oxford* Editor, according to his uſual cuſtom, will improve it further, and reads, *moſt amiſs.*

4 *But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:* &c.] In this long ſpeech the Legate is made to ſhew his ſkill in caſuiſtry; and the ſtrange heap of quibble and nonſenſe of which it conſiſts, was intended to ridicule

By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth?) even for that name,
Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

ridicule that of the ſchools. For when he aſſumes the politician, at the concluſion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful paſſage, where he ſpeaks of the miſchiefs following the King's loſs of his ſubjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew us how much better politicians the *Roman* courtiers are, than divines.

Blanch.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour! ——
Lewis. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Philip. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy!
K. John. *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.
Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit* Faulconbridge.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of *France*.
K. Philip. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John No more, than he that threats. To arms, let's hie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms, Excursions: Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Austria's *Head.*

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria*'s head lie there.—
Thus hath King *Richard*'s son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Austria*'s blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. John. There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her:
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end; [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: Cousin, look not sad,
[*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.

5 *Some* airy *devil*——] We must read, *Some* fiery *devil*, if we will have the *cause* equal to the *effect*.

K. John.

K. John. Couſin, away for *England*; haſte before,
[*To* Faulconbridge.
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: [6] the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry war be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your highneſs: grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin.

K. John. Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Faulc.

Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;——hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*

K. John. [*to* Hubert *on the other ſide.*
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.

K. John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,——
But thou ſhalt have——and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay——but, let it go:

6 ——————— *the fat ribs of peace*
Muſt by the hungry now *be fed upon.*] The word *now* ſeems an idle term here. The antitheſis, and oppoſition of terms, ſo perpetual with our author, ſhews we ſhould read,
Muſt by the hungry war *be fed upon.*
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*.

The

' The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
' Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
' Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
' To give me audience. If the midnight bell
' Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
' 7 Sound one unto the drowſie race of night;
' If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
' And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
' Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
' Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
' Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
' Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
' And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
' (A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
' Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
' Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
' Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
' Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
' Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
' I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
' But ah, I will not"—— yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

7 *Sound* ON *unto the drowſie race of night*;] We ſhould read, *Sound* ONE.——

K. John

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember: —— Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For *England*, cousin, go.
Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the French Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. Philip. SO, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
[8] A whole Armado of collected sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.
K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?
Arthur ta'en Pris'ner? diverse dear friends slain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of *France?*
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temp'rate order [9] in so fierce a course,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

8 *A whole Armado*, &c.] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most, after the *Spanish* invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that *Shakespear* concludes his play in that triumphant manner.

Thus England *never did, nor never shall*
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror, &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs.

9 —— *in so fierce a* CAUSE,] We should read COURSE, *i. e.* march. The *Oxford* Editor condescends to this emendation.

K. Philip.

K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.

K. Philip. Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle *Conſtance.*

Conſt. No, I defie all counſel, and redreſs,
But that, which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thyſelf;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife; miſery's love,
O come to me!

K. Philip. O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were!
For then 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,

And

And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I ſee
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. Philip. Bind up thoſe treſſes; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To *England*, if you will.——

K. Philip. Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have giv'n theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner:
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore, never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon. —

K. Philip.

K. Philip. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[Tearing off her head-cloaths.]
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! *[Exit.*

K. Philip. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
'Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
'Vexing the dull ear of a drowſie man.'
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak

Shall

Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
" And he, that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
" Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up."
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
" This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
" Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
" That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
" To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
" No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
" [1] No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
" No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
" But they will pluck away it's nat'ral cauſe,
" And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
" Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
" Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*."

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

1 *No* 'ſcape *of nature*,—] The author very finely calls a *monſtrous birth*, an *eſcape of nature*. As if it were produced while ſhe was buſy elſewhere, or intent on ſome other thing. But the *Oxford* Editor will have it, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

No ſhape of nature.

Pand.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd! — The baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to ENGLAND. *A Priſon.*

Enter Hubert *and Executioners.*

Hub. HEAT me theſe irons hot, and, look, thou ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert*.

Hub.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.
And so I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey*'s son?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, *Hubert?* you look pale to-day;
In sooth, I wou'd, you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young *Arthur* — [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*
Turning dis-piteous *(a)* nature out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;

[*(a) nature, Oxford* Editor —— Vulg. *torture.*]

(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt — Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but *Hubert's*.

Hub.

1 *I would not have believ'd a tongue* BUT HUBERT'S.] Thus Mr. *Pope* found the line in the old editions. According to this reading it is ſuppoſed that *Hubert* had told him, he would *not* put out his eyes; for the angel who ſays *he would*, is brought in as contradicting *Hubert*. Mr. *Theobald*, by what authority I don't know, reads,

I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

which is ſpoiling the meaſure, without much mending the Senſe. *Shakeſpear*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

I would not have believ'd a tongue 'BATE HUBERT.

i. e. abate, diſparage. The blunder ſeems to have ariſen thus; *bate* ſignifies

Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n's ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,

ſignifies except, ſaving; ſo the tranſcribers, taking it in this ſenſe, ſubſtituted the more uſual word *but* in its place. My alteration greatly improves the ſenſe, as implying a tenderneſs of affection for *Hubert*; the common reading, only an opinion of *Hubert*'s veracity; whereas the point here was to win upon *Hubert*'s paſſions, which could not be better done, than by ſhewing affection towards him.

So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert.* All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert.*

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Changes to the Court of* England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. John. HERE once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
" To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
" To throw a perfume on the violet,
" To smooth the ice, or add another hue
" Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
" To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,"
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome;
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. " In this the antique and well-noted face
" Of plain old form is much disfigured;
" And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
" It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
" Startles and frights consideration;
" Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
" For putting on so new a fashion'd robe."

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their [2] skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

2 ——*skill in* covetousness;] *i. e.* coveting to reach a higher excellence.

As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more [3] in hiding of the flaw,
Than did the flaw before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possest you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
(Both for myself and them; but chief of all,
Your safety; for the which, myself and they
Bend their best studies;) heartily request
Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit this youth
To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

3 ——*in hiding of the* FAULT,
Than did the FAULT——] We should read FLAW in both places.

Pemb.

Pemb. This is the man, ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles (*a*) ſent:
His paſſion is ſo ripe it needs muſt break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewel!

Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Saliſbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

[(*a*) *ſent.* Mr. *Theobald*——Vulg. *ſet.*]

SCENE III.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death— [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks? [*To the Meſſenger.*
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*

Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France?*
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?
Peter. Fore-knowing, that the Truth will fall out ſo.
K. John. Hubert, away with him, impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——O my gentle couſin.
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Faulc. The *French*, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Saliſbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.
K. John. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Faulc. I will ſeek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,

When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.

Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to-night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths;
'And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
'And whiſper one another in the ear.
'And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
'Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action
'With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
'I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
'The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
'With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
'Who, with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
'Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
'Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
'Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
'That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
'Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
'Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.'

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?

Why

Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. " [4] It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
" By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
" To break into the bloody houſe of life:
" And, on the winking of authority,
" To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
" Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
" More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect."

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal, for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
" How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
" Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
" A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
" Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
" This murther had not come into my mind."
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord———

K. John. " Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
" When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:
" Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
" Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
" Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
" And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me."

4 *It is the curſe of Kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at *Daviſon*'s caſe, in the affair of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and ſo muſt have been inſerted long after the firſt repreſentation.

But

But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
5 The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

5 *The dreadful motion of a* MURD'ROUS *thought.*] Nothing can be falſer than what *Hubert* here ſays in his own vindication; (yet it was the poet's purpoſe that he ſhould ſpeak truth) for we find, from a preceding ſcene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that, very deeply: and it was with difficulty, that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of *Arthur* had diverted and ſuppreſſed it. Nor is the expreſſion, in this reading, at all exact, it not being the neceſſary quality of *a murd'rous thought* to be *dreadful*, affrighting, or terrible: For it being commonly excited by the flattering views of intereſt, pleaſure, or revenge, the mind is often too much taken up with thoſe ideas to attend, ſteadily, to the conſequences. We muſt conclude therefore that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

—— a MURDERER's *thought.*

And this makes *Hubert* ſpeak truth, as the poet intended he ſhould. He had not committed the murder, and conſequently the *motion of a murderer's thought had never enter'd his boſom.* And in this reading, the epithet *dreadful* is admirably juſt, and in nature. For after the perpetration of the fact, the appetites, that hurried their owner to it, loſe their force; and nothing ſucceeds, to take poſſeſſion of the mind, but a dreadful conſciouſneſs, that torments the murderer without reſpite or intermiſſion.

K. John.

K. John. Doth *Arthur* live? O, haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Street before a Priſon.*

Enter Arthur *on the Walls, diſguis'd.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my Uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones.
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury, *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondſbury*;
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
[6] Whoſe private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

6 *Whoſe private*, &c.] *i. e.* whoſe private account, of the *Dauphin*'s affection to our cauſe, is much more ample than the letters. *Mr. Pope.*

Enter

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.

Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.

Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.

Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.

Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lies here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, the creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pem. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Faulc.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand:
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
'Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.

Pem. } Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.
Bigot. }

SCENE VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you; *Arthur* doth live, the King hath ſent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*

Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not 'till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's ſkin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord *Saliſbury*, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heav'n, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill? dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub.

Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoever ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks: who ſpeaks not truly, lyes.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Saliſbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think, the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me all you, whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
Pem. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, (if thou didſt this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert.*
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Faulc. Ha! I'll tell the what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black — nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer.*
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell

As

As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.
Hub. Upon my ſoul ——
Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread,
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up!
From forth this morſel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt;
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a Raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away the child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeunt.*

7 A point ſet right by Mr. *Theobald.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. John. THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown.*

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſovereign Greatneſs and Authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or Overthrow incurable enſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring Land.
On this *Aſcenſion-day*, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this *Aſcenſion-day?* did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But

But *Dover-Caſtle: London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he comes ſo nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy, A cock-

A cocker'd, silken, Wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with Colours idly spread,
And find no check? let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw, we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the* Dauphin's *Camp.*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a Sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, oh, my grieved friends!
That we the sons and children of this Isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,

Wherein

Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced cauſe;)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
" My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
" Being an ordinary inundation:
" But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
" This ſhow'r, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
" Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
" Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
" Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors."
Lift up thy brow, renowned *Saliſbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
" Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
" That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
" Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
" Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping."
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,

1 *Between* compulſion, *and a brave reſpect.*] This *compulſion* was the neceſſity of a reformation in the ſtate, which, according to *Saliſbury*'s opinion, (who, in his ſpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced cauſe*) could only be procured by foreign arms: And the *brave reſpect* was the love of his country. Yet the *Oxford* Editor, for *compulſion*, reads *compaſſion*.

As

As *Lewis* himself; ſo, Nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks, an angel *(a)* ſpeeds;
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of Right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of *Rome*.
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a Lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace:
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at controul;
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd Kingdom and myſelf;
And brought in matter, that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this Land:
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:
And now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,

[*(a) ſpeeds.* *Oxford* Editor——Vulg. *ſpake!*]

Becauſe

Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome*'s ſlave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſie match, plaid for a Crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return,
'Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook Conqueſt, and to win Renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

SCENE IV.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him,
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope,
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too willful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The Youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King;
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,

This

This harneſs'd maſk, and unadviſed revel,
This unheard ſawcineſs, and boyiſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories,
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks,
To lye, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh* man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms;
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoiance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needls to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,

That

That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE V. *Changes to a field of battle.*

Alarms. *Enter King* John, *and* Hubert.

K. John. HOW goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. John. This feaver, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinſtead*, to the Abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Godwin*-ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now;
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinſtead*; to my Litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI. *Changes to the* French *Camp.*

Enter Saliſbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the *French:*
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſbegotten devil, *Faulconbridge,*
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, King *John,* ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble *Engliſh,* you are bought and ſold
Unthread the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out King *John,* and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmondſbury;*
Ev'n on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.
Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true,
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt.
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning creſt

Of

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
(For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*,)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation, and devout deſires.

Sal We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds, we have o'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
(a) Pight in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newneſs, that intends old right!

(*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE VII.

Changes to a different part of the French *Camp.*

Enter Lewis, *and his Train.*

Lewis. THE ſun of heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet,
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh;
When th' *Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,

[*(a) Pight. Oxford* Edition——Vulg. *Right.*]

When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it! ——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my prince, the *Dauphin?*

Lewis. Here; what news?

Meſ. The Count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* Lords
By his perſuaſion are again fall'n off;
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Godwin*-ſands.

Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd, news! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to night,
As this hath made me. Who was he, that ſaid,
King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?

Meſ. Whoever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An open place in the Neighbourhood of Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Hubert, *ſeverally.*

Hub. WHO's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.

Faulc. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England.*

Faulc. And whither doſt thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hubert. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?

Faulc.

Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! [2] thou and eyeleſs night
Have done me ſhame; brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *ſans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a Monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A Monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

2 ——*thou and* endleſs *night.*] We ſhou'd read, *eyeleſs*. So *Pindar* calls the Moon, the *eye of night*.

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Orchard in Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury, *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling houſe,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon, which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them *(a)* inſenſible; his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng, and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing: ——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;

(a) *inſenſible. Oxford* Edition——Vulg. *inviſible.*]

It

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K John. Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, cast off;
" And none of you will bid the winter come
" To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
" Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
" Through my burn'd bosom: nor intreat the north
" To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
" And comfort me with cold." I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh! cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we shall answer him.
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

Were

Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord! ——— but now a King——
now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd.
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on

The

The lineal State, and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
(*a*) Thus *England* never did, nor never ſhall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[(*a*) *Thus.* *Oxford* Editor ——— Vulg. *This.*

The End of the Third Volume.